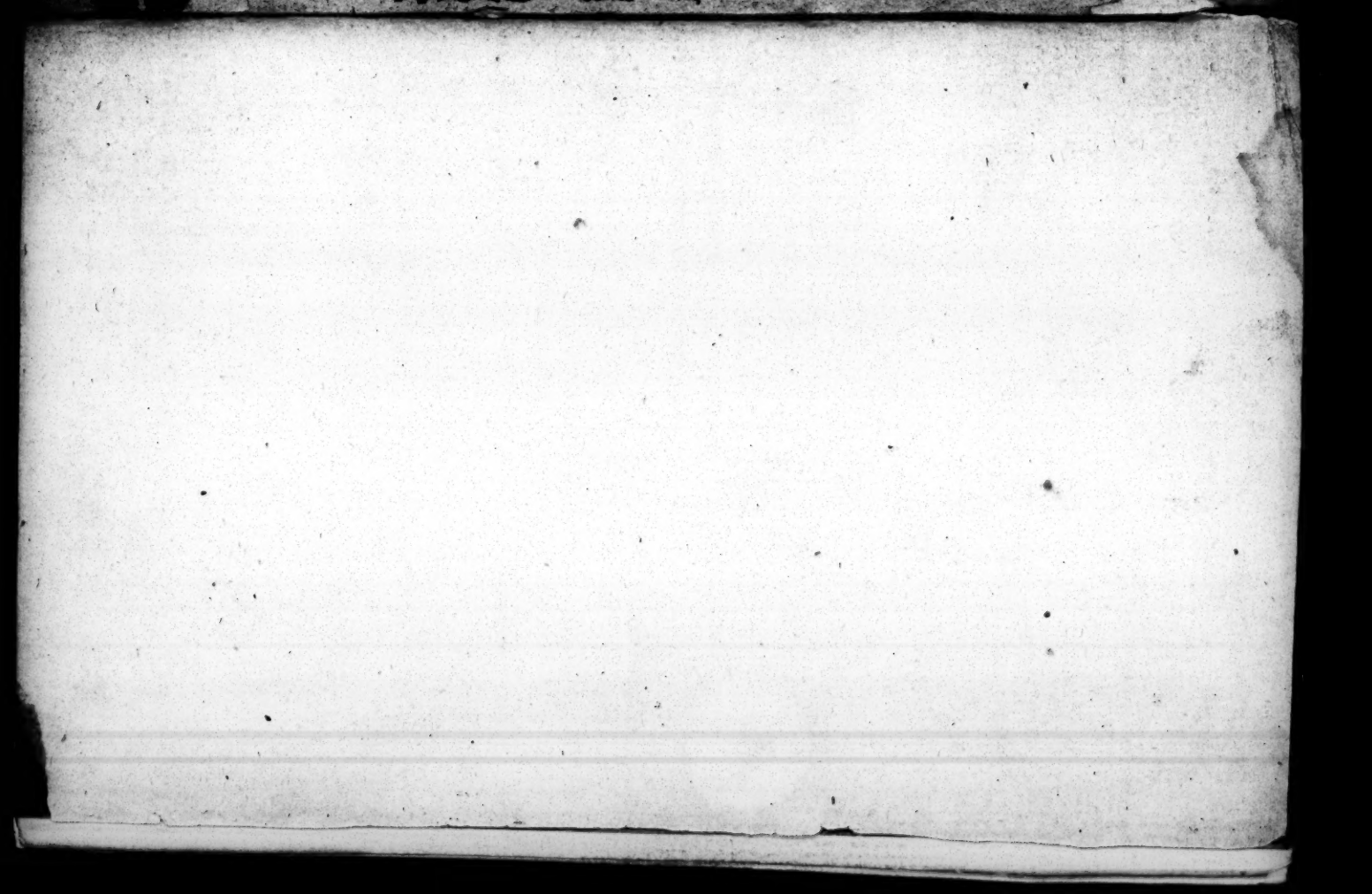


THE
WITS,
OR,
SPORT upon SPORT.
In Selected Pieces of
DROLLERY,
Digested into SCENES by way of
DIALOGUE.

Together with Variety of Humours of several Nations, fitted for the Pleasure and Content of all Persons, either in Court, City, Country, or Camp. The like never before Published.

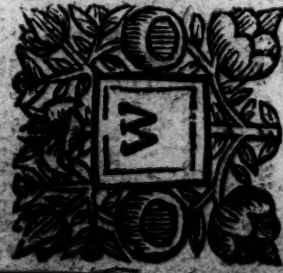
PART. I.

L O N D O N,
Printed by E. C. for Francis Kirkman, next Door to
the Sign of the Princes Arms, in St. Pauls
Church-Yard, 1672.



To the READERS.

The Stationer, Sends Greeting.



Hereas I have undertaken to Collect a Miscellany of all Humours which our Fam'd Comedies have exquisitely and aptly represented in the becoming dress of the Stage.

Now know ye, that I think fit in compliance with the Dissign, to asser this Body of Humours with a Preface, for no other reason, nor to other purpose, than to buy more and to imitate the Mode of Writers; letting you see the Folly and Impertinency of Epistolary Personations (never Acted before) which shew their Books are chiefly written for their own sakes, and to Adorn our Stalls.

Now I must tell you, my Plot with my Humours is clearly for Sale; for I intend to raise no other Reputation to my self than that of Ready Money; and that I only be- speak in these preparatory Lines: since it were besides the purpose, and unpardonable presumption, to Command these excellent Fancies, which do command, and have Emerited universal Applause.

All I am obliged to say therefore, is in justification of the Collection of them into this entire consilency, the making of a fluid a solid Body, which even the Experiment it self, among the Ingenious, will fairly defend. But I should think the ease accommodation of them to every Gusto of Delight in this ready Variety (saving the

difficulty of purveying and hacking up and down) so best Invite and Entertain you.

He that knows a Play, knows that Humours have no fixedness and indissoluble connexion to the Design, but without injury or forcible revulsion, they may be removed to an advantage; which is so demonstrable, that I am sure nothing but a morose propriety will offer to deny it.

To be a little serious: I was told by people that know better than my self, they would be in this Model more beneficial in sundry respects, then as they lay dispersed before. There is no sort of Melancholly, whose sullen dulness and severe aversion to company, may not at one look be mockt on by one or other of these merry attemperatures and resemblances, which will most effraciously manifest its Folly in a Glase. Next, he who would make up a treatment to his Friends by any such diversion, cannot study a more commendous method, without the help of Fiddlers and merry Men, Mimicks, and the long labour of a Cue: One Scene, which may almost be acted Extempore, will be abundantly satisfactory, being chosen fit and suitable to the Company, as none can come amiss. 'Till make Physick work, 'twill cease the pains of more inveterate diseases, 'twill allay the heat and distemper of Wine, and generally it is the Panacea the universal Cure, mighty Murths Elixir.

Now you know all the Story, Gentlemen; pray remember.

Your old Servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN

IF you please to Turn over the Leaf, you may find
from what Plays these several Droll Humours are
Collected: And if you please to come to my Shop
being the Next Door to the Sign of the *Princes Arms*,
in *Saint Pauls Church-Yard*, you may be Furnished;
not only with all those Plays themselves, but also with
all the English Stage Playes that were ever yet Plaid.
Also you may there have all Sorts of *Histories* and *Ro-*
mances, *French* or *English*,

Yours,

Francis Kirkman.

A Catalogue of the several Droll-Hamlets, from what
Plays collected, and in what page to be found in
this Book.

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THE BOUNCING KNIGHT OR, THE ROBBERS ROBD.

ARGUMENT.

A company of mad fellows resolve to take a Purse, and to that purpose separate themselves, 4 in one company, 2 in the other, the four Rob the true men, the two Rob those four again. And then all meeting, the 4 exclaim against the absent two, and their Scenes of mirth follow.

ACTORS NAMES.

Prince, Jack, Poines, Peto, Roff, Hostess, Bardol.
Dram.

Enter Several.

Rince. How now Jack, where hast thou been?

Jack. A plague of all Cowards I say and a vengeance too, marry and amen; give me a Cup of Sack Boy. No virtue extant, you Rogue? there's lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but Roguery to be found

in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with lime in it. A villainous Coward, go thy

ways

C

waves old Lack, dye when thou wilt: if Man-hood, go Man-hood; be not forgor upon the face of the Earth. I am I a Shorten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat and grows old: a bad World I say, and a plague of all cowards I say still.

Hal. How now woolfack what matter you?

Lack. A Kings Son? if I do not bear thee out of this Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild Geese, i'll never wear hair on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Hal. Why you horsen round man what's the matter *Lack.* Are you not a Coward? answer me to that, and Poinces there.

Hal. Why ye fat paunch, and ye call me, Coward this light, i'll stab thee.

Lack. I call thee Coward? i'll see the damn'd ere I call thee Coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back, call you the backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing give me them that will face me, give me a cup of Sack, am a Rogue if I drank to day.

Prince. Oh villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since the drink't it lack.

Lack. All's one for that, a plague of all cowards still.

1. *Prince.* What's the matter? *Lack.* What's the matter here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, I ask where is it.

Lack. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon a poor four of us.

Prince. What a hundred man.

Jack. I am a Rogue if I were not at half Sword with a dozen of them two hours together; I have escap'd by miracle; I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my Buckler cut through and through, sword hackt like a ban saw, *ecce signum*, I never dealt since I was a man, all would not do, a plague or all wards; let them speak, if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Poines. Speak Sirs, how was it.

Roff. We four set upon a dozen.

Jack. Sixteen at least my Lord.

Roff. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Jack. You rogue they were bound, every man of them; I am a *lew* else, an *H-brew* Jew.

Roff. And as we were sharing some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Jack. And unbound the rest, & then came in the others;

Prince. What fought ye with them all?

Jack. Ah? I know not what you call all; but if I fought with fifty of them, I am a bunch of raddish: if there are not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, there is no two leg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murder'd some of them Jack. Nay, that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them? two Rogues in buckrom suites: I tell thee that, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lye spit in my face, call me horse, you know'st my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my pint, four Rogues in buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. VVhat four? thou said'st but two even now.

Jack. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poines. I, I, he said four.

Jack. These four came all affront, and mainly thrust me: I made no more a doe but took all their seven pints in my Target, thus. —

Prince. Seaven? Why there were but four even now.
Jack. In Buckrum *Hal*, in Buckrum.

Poynes. I four in Buckrum suits.

Jack. Seven by these Hilts, or I am villain else.

Prince. Prithce let him alone, we shall have more and more.
Jack. Dost thou hear me.

Prince. I, and marke thee too *Jack*.

Jack. Do so for 'tis worth the listning to. These nine Buckrum that I told thee off.

Prince. So, two more already.

Jack. Their points being broken.

Poynes. Down fell his Hofe

Jack. Began to give me ground, but I followed me close came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven the eleven I paid.

Prince. O Monstrous! eleven Buckrum men grow out of two.

Jack. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and drive at me, for it was so darke *Hal* that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lyes are like the father that begets 'em, grow as a Mountain open, palpable: why, thou clay-brain'd gut thou knotty pated fool, thou horson obscene greasy tall catch. *Jack.* what? art thou mad? art thou mad? not the truth, the truth?

Prince. Why how couldst thou know these men Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not find thy hand? what saidst thou to this?

Poynes. Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

Jack. What upon compulsion? and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the World. I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion were reasons as plenty as Blackberries, I would give you a Man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince

Prince. I le be no longer guilty of this sin, this sanguine onward, this Bed-preffer, this horseback breaker, this age hill of flesh.

Jack. You starvling, you Elkskin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulls pizle, you stock fish; O for breath to ter what is like thee? you Taylors yard, you sheath, you nowscase, you vile standing Tuck,

Prince. Hear me sirrah bumbait—

Poynes. Mark *Jack.*

Prince. We two saw you four set upon four, bound em, and were Masters of their wealth, then did we two on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from the prize; what staring hole canst thou now find out to de thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poynes. Come lets hear *Jack*, what trick hast thou now?

Jack. By the Lord I knew ye as well as he that made ye, by hear you Masters, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true *Prince*? why thou know'st I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware intinct, the Lyon will not touch the true *Prince*. Intinct is a great matter, I was a Coward on intinct, I shall think the better of my selfe, and thee during my life; I for a valiant Lyon, and thou for a true *Prince*; but by the Lord Lads. I am and you have the money, *Hofses* clap to the doores, watch night, pray to morrow, what hearts of Gold shall we merry? shall we have a Play *ex tempore*.

Prince. Content and the argument shall be thy runing day.

Jack. O no more of that *Hal* if thou lovest me.

Prince. How long i't ago *lack* since thou saw'st thine own knee.

lack. My own knee? when I was about thy yeares *Hal* I was not an Eagles tallant in the Wast: I could have crept into an Aldermans Thumb-Ring, a plague of gbbing and grief, it blows a man up like a Bladder; but to

she Play *Hal*. *Prince*. I have a mind *lack* that thou shouldst stand for my father, and examine me upon particulars of my life.

lack. Content: this *Chaire* shall be my *State*, this dagger my *Scepter*, and this *Cushion* my *Crown*. Well if the fire of *grace* be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved, give me a cup of *Sack* to make mine eyes to red, that it may be thought I have wept: For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in *King Cambyssis vein*. *Prince*. Well here is my *Leg*.

lack. And here is my *Speech*: stand aside *Nobility*. *Humblest*. O the Father, how he holds his countenance!

be doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I saw. *lack*. Peace good pint Pot, peace good tickle braggart Harry I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied, thou art with a Son, I have partly thy Mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neighbor lip that doth warrant me. The is a thing *Harry* which thou hast often heard off, and known to many, in our Land, by the name of *Pitch*; thou *Pitch* (as ancient writers report) doth defile, doth the company thou keepest, yet there is one virtuous Man whom I have noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of Man, and it is like your Majesty *lack*. A good poorly man y^e faith, and a corpulent, of cheerful full took a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage and as I thinke his age some fifty, or six Lady, inclining threescore, and now I remember me his name is *Falstaff*: that man be lewdly given he deceives me, for *Harry* I know virtue in his looks; If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaffe*, and now the doughty varlet, tell me where thou hast been this month.

Prince

Prince. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and i'll play my father.

Jack. It thou dost it so Majestically, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-sucker or a Poulterers Hare.

Prince. Well here I am set.

Jack. And here I stand, judge my Masters.

Prince. Now *Hark* whence come you?

Jack. My noble Lord from *Eastcheap*.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Jack. Zud my Lord they are false? nay i'll tickle you or a young Prince.

Prince. Swear'st thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth we're look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a divell haunts thee in the likeness of a Tun of old man, a Tun of man, is thy companion, why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boutling-Butch of beastlines? that swolne parcel of Dropsies that huge bombard of Sack, that stuff cloak bag of guts, that roasted manning-tree Oxe, with the padding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey inquiry, wherein is the good but to tast Sack, and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein vallanous but in all things? wherein Worthy but in nothing.

Jack. I would your grace would take me with you who means your grace.

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white bearded satan.

Jack. My Lord the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Jack. But to say I know more harm in him then in my self, were to say more then I know; that he is old, (the more the pity;) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saying your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utter-

ly deny, if Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old Host that I know is damn'd, if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah's* lean kine are to be belov'd. No my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poynes*; but for sweet lack *Falstaff*, kind lack *Falstaff*, true lack *Falstaff*, valiant lack *Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old lack *Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* companion, banish plump lack, and banish all the world.

Prince, I do. I will.

Enter Bardol.

Bardol. Oh my Lord the Sheriffe with a monstrous watch is at the door.

lack. Out you Rogue, play out the play, I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Exit

Enter lack and Bardol.

lack. Am I not false away vilely since this last action do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies loose Gown. I am withered like an old apple *Iohn*. Well I'll repent, and that suddenly, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I ha' not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a pepper-scorn: villanous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bardol. Sir *Iohn* you are so fretful you cannot live long.

lack. Why there's it, come sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry, well I have been as virtuously given as a Gentleman need to be, lived well and in good compass, and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bardol. Why you are so fat Sir *Iohn*, that you must needs be out of all compass all reasonable compass Sir *Iohn*.

lack. O mend thou thy face, and I'll mend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning Lamp, when thou run'st up Gads Hill in the night to catch my Horse if I did not think thou hadst been an *Ignis*

saturni

Drol. I.

The bounding Knight.

fa was or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money,
O thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting Bon-fire,
by night.

Bardol. I would my face were in thy belly.

Jack. God a mercy, so I should be heart-burnt. Now
dame parlet the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pickt
my pocket.

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. Why, Sir John do you think I keep theeves in
my House Sir John.

Jack. I besworn my pocket was pickt, go, you are a
woman go.

Hostess. Who I? I desire thee: 'ods light I never was
call'd so in my own House before, you owe me money Sir
John, I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

Jack. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas, I have given them away
to Bakers Wives; they have made boulders of them, I say
my pocket was pickt, I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grand-
fathers worth forty marks.

Hostess. Oh Lord I have heard the Prince tell him I
know not how oft that Ring was Copper.

Jack. The Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cap and he were here
I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince.

Hostess. Good my Lord hear me.

Jack. Prithee let her alone and list to me, this house is
turn'd bawdy house, my pocket has been pickt here.

Prince. And what didst thou lose Jack,

Jack. If thou wilt believe me Hal, three or four Bonds
of forty pounds a peece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grands
fathers.

Prince. A triff, some eight penny matter.

Hostess. I told him you said so, and he said he would
cudgel you.

Prince. What a' did not.

Hostess. As I am a true woman he did.

Jack

Jack. Go you thing, go. *Hofess.* Say, what thing, what thing?

Jack. Why, a thing to thank God on.

Hofess. I am nothing to thank God on; I would thou shouldst know it.

Prince. Thou standest her most gossy.

Hofess. So he doth you my Lord, he said the other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah do I owe you a thousand pound?

Jack. A thousand pound *Hal*? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Hofess. Nay, my Lord beca'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Jack. Did I *Kardol*.

Bardol. Indeed Sir *John* von said so.

Jack. Yea if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say 'tis Copper; can't thou be as good as thy word now?

Lack. Why *Hal*? thou know'st as thou art but a man I dare: but as thou art *Prince* I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Lack. The King himself is to be feared as the Lyon: dost thou think I'll fear thee; as I fear thy Father? nay, I do, I pray my Girdle may break.

Prince. If it should how would thy Guts fall about thy knees.

Exeunt.

Enter lack as to the Wars.

Lack. Well I have misus'd the Kings pelfs damnably, I have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers 300. And od pound, I pelfs none but warm slaves that had as live hear the devil as a Drum, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they have bought out their terraces, and now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, and the like: A mad fellow met me on

Drol. 1.

The bounding Knight.

II

on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the Gibbets, &c. prass the dead bodier there's not a shirt and an halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two napkins tuckt together, and thrown over the shoulders like a Herald's coat without sleeves, and the shirt, to speak truth on't, is stolne from my hoast at St. Albanes, but that's all one, they'll find linnen on every hedge.

Enter Prince,

Prince. How now Quilt? tell me whose fellows are these that come after?

Jack. Mine Hal, mine.

Prince I did never see such pitifull Rascals.

Jack. Tut, tut, good enough to rots; food for powder, food for powder. they'll fill a pit as well as better: mortal men; mortall men, but I would all were well *Hal.*

Prince. Why thou ow'st a death.

Lack. 'Tis not due yet, and I would be loath to pay before the day, what need I be so forward till I am cal'd upon, well 'tis no matter, Honour prickes me on, yea but how if Honour prickes me off when I come on? how then? can Honour set to a leg, or an arme? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word? Ayre: a crym reckoning: who hath it? he that dyed a wednesday: doth he feel it? no: doth he hear it? No: 'tis insensible then? yea to the dead: but wilt it not live with the living? No: why? de rasion will not suffer it: therefore I'll have none of it, Honour is a meere scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit:

Lack in fight falls down as he were dead. the Prince

espying him on the ground, speaks.

Prince. What old acquaintance, could not all this flesh keep in a little life? poor Lack farewell; imbowel'd will I see thee by and by, till then, in blood by noble Percy lye.

Exit.

Lack. Imbowel'd: if thou imbowell me to day, I'll give

give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow, Zlud 'twas time to counterfeit, or the *Termagant Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is destruction: in the which better part I have saved my life-- I am afraid of this Gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead; how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure, yea and I'll swear I slew him, why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but my eyes and no body sees me, therefore sirrah with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. *Exit. Pr. again.*

Prince. What's here? art thou alive? thou art not what thou seem'st sure.

Jack. No that's certain, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Jack Falstaffe*, then I am a *Jack*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, So: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I look to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Jack. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, & out of breath, and so was he, but we rose at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* Clock, if I may be beleev'd, So: if not let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads, I'll take it upon my death I gave him this wound in the thigh, if the man were alive and would deny it I'de make him eat a peice of my sword.

Prince. Come bring your luggage nobly on your back, for my part, if a lye will do thee grace, I'll guild it with the happiest termes I have.

Jack,

Jack, I'll follow, as they say, for a reward: He that rewards me, God reward him, if I do grow great, if I grow less: for I'll purge and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble man should do.

Exit.



JENKIN'S

Love-course and Perambulation.

ARGUMENT.

He finds his defect in Courtship, goes to School to learn it, where he meets with some affronts, Then he wanders to the Woods to seek his Mistress, and is encountered by an Eccob, &c.

ACTORS NAMES.

Jenkin, Jocavello his Page, Mistress, Infortunio, Gaspero Eccob, Bubulcus, Antonio.

Enter Jenkin, Page and Mistress.

Ten. **L**OOK you Pages where our Sweet-Heart and name, *Jenkin* pigs, mies be; Sentiewoman if her know nother, *Jenkin* was *Jenkin* born in *Vales*, came of Pighouse, and pritish bloods, was have great Hills and Mountains, awle her own, when was get 'um again, any was her Confins, and her Country was never conquer'd, but alwayes have the victories pravelly, have her armes and scushrins, to know that say you, was give in her crests great deal of monsters and Dragons, kill 'um with their books very valiantly, as any Sentleman in the whole Urid: was please you place her affections and good wils upon her in ways of makemony, mark you; teal plainly *Jenkin* was love her very honestly, else pox upon her, and her will fight in her cause and quarrels long as have any plood in bellies and backs too, mark you. Pray you was her love *Jenkin*, *Mistress*.

Mistress. In what I may serve you, you shall command me Sir,

Jenkin. Shall her? was make her means & satisfactions warrant her, or say *Senkin* was no Gentleman of *Wales*, say you Pages was have her matrimonies and wedlocks very fast, and when was get her awle her her cousins was make joyes & gratulations for her good fortunes upon her *Welsh* Harpes, know you dat very well Page? her tear, her shall be Knighted one dayes, and have great cumulations of Uships, Honours and dignities too, a great while ago.

Jork. And great Castles i'th Ayre.

Jenkin. Was givd awle our Lands and craggy Tenements in *Wales* away to our Cousin *ap Shon*, and live her self here upon very good fashions with our moneys and mighty riches, when her can get 'um.

To him Infornio.

Infornio. Whether so fast, thou must get to hell to night, and thou goest but Aldermans pace.

Jenkin. By cots plood her will go the devil and her list, what is that to her?

Infornio. Your name is Mr. *Jenkin*.

Jenkin. And what have her to say to Mr. *Shenkin*, *Shenkin* was as good names as her own, pay you, was good Shentleman as her self, know very well, say you now.

Infornio. God boy, Sir: *Jenkin*. Poyes, does her call her boyes? hark you? her name is *Shenkin*. her be no poyes no children, was knock as tall a man as her self, an her *Welsh* plood be up, look you.

Infornio. 'Tis impossible.

Jenkin. Piple papels, 'tis very possible.

Infornio. An hunger starv'd Rascal.

Jenkin. Rascals? she thu? was never such names and appellations pue upon her awle her days, begar her will make yon eat up all her urds and ignominies, and her

plade

blade shall make holes in her peggies diggon, Inf. I could curse. Jen. Her can curse and swear too, look you now.

Infortunio. Pardon divinest Creature I submit

Jenkin. Nay and her crave pardons and make submissions, Shenkin was put up awle her anger and indignations
Exit.

Jenkin from his study.

Jenkin. Jenkin has risen very early this mornings and been in studies and contemplations to make ditties and verses upon her *Mistress*. Beauties and pulchritudes but the evil ture is in these Poetries, *To him his Page, the Pages have her seeme cream's and Lady coming by.* apparitions? hark you, Was *Selina* turn'd sheapbeards, pray you?

Page. We dream els Sir, the case is alter'd.

Jenkin. What a tevil is in the matters and busineses pray you? cases; never was known such cases and alterations in all her life, womans never weare preeches in *Wales*; is not possible we are all in treames and visions, very treames and visions.

Exit.

Jenkin as at the School.

Jenkin. Bless you Shentlemen awle, and your studies and contemplations: is here a Schoole of complements pray you.

Gaspero. A place of generous breeding.

Jenkin. Shenerous preeding, hark you her name was Jenkin, a good Shentleman 'tis known, he take no pleasures and delitations in urds, *Welshmen* have awle hearts and fidelities mark you, vet if your Urships has any madrigals look you, for in truth was now going to the vods and forests, her will give you good payments of awle your inventions and sautes pray you, here is monies and considerations look you.

Infortunio. Hey? how came you all thus damn'd;

Jenkin.

Jenkin, Damn'd, whose dama'd? is *Shinkin* damn'd?
Gaspero. Humour him a little.

Jenkin. Will you have her be damn'd? when hear you pray a *Welshman* was damn'd? of all things in the Ural her cannot abide to be damn'd.

Infortunio. What are you. *Jenkin*. Her have no mind at all to be dama'd, begar her will fight with her, and kill awle the devils in hell: diggon.

Gaspero. Sir, 'tis but in jest.

Jenkin. In jests, is it in jests? well, look you her will be content to be damn'd in jests and merriments for you *Infortunio*. You will tell me what you are damn'd for *Jenkin*. And her be so hot, was get some body else to be damn'd for *Jenkin*, her will tell her in patiences, look you, her was damn'd for her valour, and riding the Ural of monsters, look you Dragons with seven heads, and serpents with tailes a mile long pray you.

Infortunio. Oh! let me hug thee *Owen Glendower*.

Jenkin. *Owen Glendower* was her Cousin pray, so fare well Shentlemen, now her mean to make travails and peregrinations to the vods and plaines, look you very fast.

Exit.

Jenkin in the Woods.

Jenkin. Has almost lost her selfe in these vods and Wildernes, was very weary of these journeyes and travells in foot-backs: have not since her coming beheld any reasonable creatures: bless us awle, *Jocarello* is lost too, cannot tell where, in these mazes and labourinths.

Jocarello. So ho.

Escho. So ho. *Jenkin*. Ha there's some podies yet, mark you 'ere, here is a Shentleman of *Wales*, look you, desires very much to have speeches and contabulations with her: where is her? *Escho*: here is her.

Jenkin. Here is her: know not which wayes to come to her: pray you tell *Jenkin* where you be?

Escho. Boobie,

Jenkin

Jenkin. Poobies was her call her poobies? 'tis very awy travels, her will teach her better manners, and moralities, mark you now, if her get her in reaches and circumferences of her *Welsh* plaids; truly. *Eccho* You see. Jenkin. How lyes, and poobies too? hark you, Jenkin was give you mawles and knocks for your poobies, and es, and indignities, look for your pates now. *Exit.*

Enter again

with his sword drawn

Here is no poobies but Bushes and Bryers, look you wle is very quiet: so ho, ho. *Eccho*. So ho, ho.

Jenkin. Her am very much deceived, now it comes in our minds, if these voices be not Ecchos, *Eccho*. *Eccho*. Jenkin. 'Tis very true, but her marvel much, have her Ecchos in these Countries pray you!

Eccho. Yes pray you.

Jenkin. Warrant her 'tis a *Welsh Eccho* was follow Jenkin in love out of *Wales*.

Eccho. Out of *Wales*. Jenkin. 'Tis very true, blefs us ple now, her to remembrances and memories, her had communications and talkings with this very *Eccho* in *Glamorgan-shire*, in de Vallies and Talles there look you, her n very glad her hath met with Ecchos was born in her wn Countries, hark you, Jenkin was travel hither out of ves and affections to *Selina*. *Eccho*. Nay

Jenkin. Nay, yes very true, pray you tell her, be *Selina* these Woods, or no?

Eccho. No. Jenkin. No, where is her then? have her ken awle these labours and ambulations in vanities? say n, shall Jenkin then go back as he came.

Eccho. As he came, Jenkin. Gon? it is not possible, t may be *Selina* was turn'd spirits and be invisible rather, she is not gon verily. *Eccho*. There you lye.

Jenkin. Lye, very well, you have privilegedges to give as and awle thing in the Urld, but her will not leave ese Vods for awle dat: her will be pilgrims awle taves

of her Life e're her go without her.

Ecco. Go without her.

Jenkin. How, not love *Jenkin*? then there is a tevil i' awle female sexes: know very well she promise loves an good wills in times, great while ago, pray you now, he wilk talk no longer wih you, pray you if you meet her Pages, bid her make hafts and expeditions after her, far yee well. *Ecco.* Fare you well.

Exit

Jenkin and Jocarello.

Jocarello. So ho, ho, master *Jenkin*.

Jenkin. It is our Pages agen. *Jocarello* where have you been? you are very tilligent poyes to loofe your master thus.

Jocarello. I was lost my self. *Jenkin.* Ha, pages, here *Splina*, awle was very true as our Countryswoman *Eccho* was make reports. Mrs. *Seina* call you to memories you promised loves to *Jenkin* in matrimonies creat while ago.

Antonio. I am married to *Ruffaldo*. *Jenkin.* Hit is not possible, *Jenkin* was never awle her dayes have such injuries and conumelies have her made repitions and Genealogies of her plood for no Matrimonies: hum, *Jenkin* could fight with any podies in the whole Urid now, loo you Master *Blaw*-potles have you any stomacks or appetites to have any plowes or knocks upon your custard; loo *G* you now?

Bubulons. No good stomach at this time.

Omnes. Come wee'll all be friends.

Jenkin. Here is very good honest urds, yes look you *Shenkin* is in all amities and friendship, but——

Antonio. Oh, no more shooting at that But.

Exit

The false Heire, and formal Curate.

ARGUMENT.

The Younger Brother conceiving himself intitled to his elder Brothers estate, sells it, the Curate a long lover of a Lady, worne out Gentle woman claps up a match with her.

ACTORS NAMES.

Younger Brother, Captain, Post, Steward, Usurer, VVidow, and Comrades, &c. Curate and his Mistresses, &c.

Captain.

SAVE thy brave shoulder, my young Puissant Knight, and may thy Backsword bite Them to the bone, that love thee not, thou art an errant Man, go on, the circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the Man that tills, thy Sword must be thy Plow, and Jove it speed, Mecha shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall, and thy deare name fill up his Monument.

Young Lovelists. It shall Captain, I mean to be a worthy Captain. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Morecraft. Captain I shall deserve some of your love too.

Captain. Thou shalt have heart and hand too. noble Morecraft, if thou wilt lend me Money, I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd, and open to me those infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego* I'll woo thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

Morecraft. Pardone me Captain, y^e are beside my meaning.

Young Lovelists. No Mr. Morecraft 'tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for yce,

Captain. Or provoke her. Speak my modern Man, say provoke her.

Poet. Captain I say so too, or stir her to it; so say the Criticks. *Young Loveless.* However you expound she is we come, come sit down, some wine here, there is a scurvy banquet, if we had it. All this fair house is your Sir; *Savil?* *Savil.* Yes Sir.

Young Loveless. Are your keyes ready, I must ease your burden.

Savil. I am ready to be undone Sir when you shall call me to't.

Young Lovel. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Savil. I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning against a bank within half a breech among 'um, I shall be with 'um shortly, the care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this rackal; what shall become of my poor family, they are no sheep, and they must keep themselves.

Young Loveless. Drink Mr. *Morecraft.* Captain, speak low and drink: *Widdow* a word.

Capt. Expound her thoroughly Knight. *He courts the Widow* Here God a gold? here's to thy fair Possessions: Be a Baron, and a bold one, leave *herself.* off your tickling of young heirs like trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke, feed men O'war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

Morecraft. I thank you worthy Captain for your counsel, you keep your Chimnies smoking there; your nostrils and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one, and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clerk o'th company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much moved, be not angry Sir, be as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, & shut out, You have spoke home and bitterly to me Sir? *Capt.*

in take truce, the Miser is a tart, and a witty whorison
Captain. Poet, you fain perdie; the wit of this man
 ies in his fingers ends, he must tell all, his tongue fills his
 Mouth like a Neats tongue, and only serves to lick his hun-
 ry chaps after a purchase: his Braines and brimstone are
 the Devils dyet to a fat Usurers head: to her Knight, to
 her: clap her aboard, and stow her, where's the brave
 steward.

Savil. Here's your poor friend, and *Savil* Sir.

Captain. Away th'art rich in Ornaments of Nature, first
 nthy face, thou hast a serious face; abetting, bargains
 ing, and saving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Usurer,
 face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and
 frozen Justice.

Savil. 'Tis such I dare not shew it shortly Sir.

Captain. Be blithe, and bonny Steward; Mr. *Morecraft*
 drink to this Man of reckoning.

Morecraft. Here's even to him.

Savil. The divel guid it downward, would there were
 n't an acre of the great broomfield, he bought, to sweep
 his dirty conscience, or to choak you.

Young Loveless. Do but look on him, there's nothing
 n that hid bound Usurer, that man of mat, that all decay'd
 that Arches: for you to love, unless his perisht Lungs,
 is dry Cough, or his scurvy, this is truth, and he has yet
 fast cure of Physick, spaw, or any dyet, a primitive pox
 in his bones, and a my knowledge he has been ten times
 yowel'd, he had a bastard, his own cowardly issue, whipt,
 and then cropt for washing out the Rotes, in three farth-
 ings to make 'um pence. *Wid*. I do not like these morals.

Young Love. You must not like him thes.

by my troth Sir y'are welcome. *Savil*. I *To them*, El-
 dare say he's glad at heart to see you. *der* Loveless.

Morecraft. This money must be paid again.

Young Love. No Sir, pray keep the sale, 'twil make good
 y'olors measure.

Savil I know not where I am, I am so glad; your worship is the welcom'st man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here have been such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: We have lived in a continual *Turnball-street*; Sir, blest be Heaven, that sent you safe again; now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

Elder Lovelace. What does that fellow tarry for?

Young Lovelace. Sir, to be Landlord of your House and state; I was bold to make a little sale Sir.

Morecraft. Am I or e reach't? if there be Law I'll hamper you.

Elder Lovelace. Prithee be gon, eat reddish till you raise your summs again, you are a stale Cozener: leave my house: no more —

Morecraft. A pex upon your house. Come Widdow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Widdow. Good twelve in the hundred, keep your way I am not for your dyet, marry in your own tribe Jew, and get a Broker.

Exit Morecraft

Elder Lov. To you good M. *Savil*, and your office; that much I have to say, y' are from my Steward become, first your own drunkard, then his Raud, they say you are excellent grown in both, & perfect: give me your keys sir *Savil*, where's the best drink now? where's the foundest Whores? Ye old he Goar, ye dyled ape, ye lame stallion, must you be leading in my House your Vhores, like Fairies dauncing their night rounds, without fear either of King or Constable? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheep unsold yet? I hope my Plate is Currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Savil. Good Sir forgive me, and but hear me speak?
Elder Lovelace. Methinks thou should'st be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis the more pardonable.

Savil. I will Sir, if you will have it so.

Elder Lovel. I thank ye. Yes, 'ene pursue it Sir; de' ye hear? Get you a Whore soon for your recreation; go look out Captain broken-breech your fellow, and quarrel if you dare; I shall deliver these keyes to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine wit Sir, you may walk and gather cresses Sir, to cool your liver, there's something for you to begin a dyer; you'l have the pox else; speed you well Sir *Savil*: you may eat at my house to preserve life, but keep no Fornication in the stables.

Exeunt.

Savil. Now must I hang my self, my friends will look for't. Eating and sleeping I do despise you both now; I will run mad first, and if that get not pity I'll drown my self to a most dismal ditty.

Exit.

Abigail solus for her loss of time.

Abigal. Alas poor Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee: to what a scurvy fortune? Thou that hast been a companion of Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man, must beg for favour to those that would have crav'd like *pilgrims* to thy chamber but for an apparition of me; you that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence that your profit may arise; it will not tarry with you, *Ecce signum*: here was a face! but time, that like a forscit, eats our youth, plague on his Iron teeth, and draw'um for't, has been a little bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man, old men i'th house of fifty call me Grannam; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Joane* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reason; my little Levite hath forsaken me, his silver sound of Cittern quite abolisht, his dolefull Hymns under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning, well bol, you leapt a haddock when you left him; he's a clean man,

man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles in's estate *de clare*, besides his Pigs in *posse*, to this good Homilist have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, amend my manners: & love if ever thou hadst care of fort of such a peece of lapland ground; hear my prayer, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our Gentle Reader.

To her Roger.

See how negligently he passes by me? With what an Equivage canonical? As though he had broken the head of *B. liaminc*, or added something to the singing brethren's Li. scorn, I know it and deserve it. — Master Roger.

Roger. Fair Gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abigal. hen Gentle Roger,

Roger. Ungentle Abigal.

Abigal. Why Mr. Roger, will you set your wit to weak Women.

Roger. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings,

Abigal. I confess my weakness sweet Sir Roger.

Roger. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or may good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first Mother you, and surely had the Devil been in love, he had been abused too: go Dalida, you make men fools and wear fine Breeches.

Abigal. Well, well, hard hearted man, dilate upon the weak infirmities of Women, these are fit Texts, but only C there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those Orient eyes.

Roger. I, they were pearles once with you.

Abigal. Saving your reverence Sir, so they are still.

Roger. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging what they are, they are, they serve me without spectacle, I thank you.

Abigal. O will you kill me.

Roger.

Roger. I do not think I can, y^e are like a copy hold with nine lives in't.

Abigal. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you; For your own worships sake?

Roger. I was a Christian fool then: do you remember what a dance you led me? How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a Dunce? Could expound but once a quarter, & then was out too: and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I prayed for my own Royal issue, you do remember all this?

Abigal. O be as then you were.

Roger. I thank you for it, sure I will be wise *Abigal*; and as the ethnick Poet sings, I will not loose my Oyle and labour too, y^e are for the Worshipfull I take it *Abigal*.

Abigal. O take it so, and then I am for you.

Roger. I like these teares well, and this humbling also; they are symptoms of contrition; if I should fall into my it again, would you not shake me into a Quotidian Coxcombe; would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging comfits in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me then a long Pedigree.

Abigal. O Curate cure me; I will love thee better, dearer, longer; I will do any thing, betray the secrets of the whole household to thy reformation, my Lady shall beek lovingly on thy learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy Eggs to penny Custards, and thy tithe Goose shall graze and multiply
Roger. I am mollifi'd, as well shall testify this faithfull
iss, and have a great care Mistris *Abigal* how you desires the spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: or certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it selfe.

Abigal. O Sir, you have peir'd me thorow; here I know a recantation, to those malicious faults I ever did against you, never more will I despise your learning, never more pin Cards and Gunny tails upon your Caslock, never

never again reproach your reverend Nightcap, and call it by the mangy name of murrin, never abuse your reverend person more; & say you look like one of *Kiss's* Priests i'th bangings, never again when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers, never cramp you more nor when you ride get Soap and whistles for you, no more. *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended as better than of my tears appears.

Roger. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must cry too, come to thine own beloved, and do even what thou wilt with me sweet Sweet *Abigail*. I am thine own forever, here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant hang him in the Bell-Rodes.

Lady, How now *Roger*, will no prayers go down with you *

Roger. Do but stay a little, I'll chop up prayers and be with you again. *Here they are interrupted by the Lady, which Roger breaks off to Abigail.*

The Character the Younger Lover gives of his Conrades to the Widow.

Widow. But how these Sir, should live upon so little Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Young Lovelless. Why prithee sweet heart, what's your meat is not that corn and water, my sweet Widow.

Widow, I but my sweet Knight where's the meat to the and clothes that they must look for?

Young Lovelless. In this short sentence Ale, is all included meat, drink, and cloaths; these are no ravening Footmen no fellows, that at Ordinaries dare eat their eight pence thrice out before they rise, and yet go hungry

play, and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen
 girels; besides the dinne, which is damnable: These
 are people of such a clean discretion in their dyet, of
 such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat, if they but
 smell hot meat; pottage is poyson, they hate a Kitchin as
 they hate a Counter, and shew 'um but a Feather-bed they
 pound; Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which
 keeps their bodies clear, and soluble: Bread is a binder,
 and for that abolisht, 'ene in their Ale, whose lost room fills
 in Apple, which is more ayr, and of a subtler nature.
 The rest they take is little, and that little, is little ease, for
 the strict men of Order, they correct their bodies with a
 bench, or a poor stubborn Table; if a Chimney offers it self
 with some few broken Rushes they are in Down; when
 they are sick, that's drunk, if they may have fresh straw,
 ife they do despise these Worldly pamperings, for their
 poor apparel 'tis worne out to the dyet; new they seeke
 one; and if a man should offer, they are angry; scarce
 to be reconcil'd again with him: you shall not hear 'um
 ask one cast Doublet once in a year: which is modesty
 assisting my poor friends: you see their Wardrops,
 though slender, competent: for shirts I take it, they are
 things worne out of their remembrance, lousy they will
 when they list, and mangie, which shews a fine variety;
 and then to cure 'um a Tanners Lime-pit which is little
 charge, to Doggs and these, these two may be cur'd for
 three pence.

Widow Use your pleasure Sir. Since I know your
 Gentlemen, I'll take care that meat shall not offend
 you, you shall have Ale.

Captain. We ask no more, let it be mighty Lady; and
 we perish, then our own sins on us.

The Lame Common-wealth.

ARGUMENT.

A sort of Beggars meet at their Rendezvous, and contend about choosing them a King, but are silenced by a Passenger, who casting voice ends the controversy.

ACTORS NAMES.

Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clause, *nam*, Ginkes, Facnline, Goswin a Merchant, and Hubert a Gentleman.

Higgen.

COME Princes of the ragged Regiment, you o'th blood, Prig my most upright Lord, and these (wh name or titlee're they bear) Jarkman or Parrico, Crank or Clapperdudgeon; Frae, or Abram man, I speak to a that stand in fair election for the title of King of Beggers with the command adjoining, Higgen your Orator, in the inter-R-egnum, that *Vhilom* was your Dommerer, doth beseech you all to stand fair, and put your selves in rank that the first comer may at his first view make a free choice to say up the question.

Fer. Prig. 'Tis done Lord Higgen.

Higgen. Thanks to Prince Prig, Prince Ferret. But where is Clause.

Ferret. Behold the man. But pray my Masters all, Ferret be chosen, y'are like to have a merciful mild Prince of me.

Prig. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant. If e're come to reign; therefore look to't, except you do provide me *Huns* enough, and Lou to bouze with: I must have my Capons and Turkies brought me in, with white green Geese, and Ducklings i'th season: fine fat Chickens O: if you chance where an eye of tame Pheasants or Partridges

bridges are kept, see they be mine, or straight I seize on all your priveledges, places, revenues, offices, as forfeit, call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies, forc'd eyes, and teeth, with your dead armes; nor leave you a party clout to beg with on your heads, or an old rag with butter, frankinsense, brimstone and rozen, birdlime, blood, and cream to make you an old fore: not so much hope as you may come with i'th falling-sickness; the very bag you bear, and the brownish shall be escheated, all your darriest del's too I will deflowre, and take your dearest Doxies from your warm lides; and then some one cold night I'll watch you why old Barne you go to court in, and there I'll smother you all i'th musty Hay.

Higgen. This is Tyrant like indeed: but what would *Gink's* or *Clause* be here, if either of them should reigne? *Clause.* Best ask an Ass, if he were made a Camell, what he would be; or a Dog and he were a Lyon.

Ginkes. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be a Beggar still, I am sure, find my selfe there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Higgen. Cry a Judge, a Judge.

Goswin. What ayle you Sirs? what means this out-cry?

Higgen. Master, a sort of poor souls met: Gods-fools, good Master, have had some little variance amongst our selves who should be honestest of us; and which uprightest in his call: now cause me thought we ne're should green our selves, because indeed 'tis hard to say, we all dissolv'd, to put it to whom that should come next, and what's your Mastership, who I hope, will termine it as your minde serves you, right, and so otherwise we ask you: which? which does your worship think is he? sweet Master look over us all, and tell us; we are seaven of us, make to the seaven wise Masters, or the planets.

Goswin. I should judge this the man with the grave *Clause.*
ward, and if he be not.

Clause. Bless you good Master, bless you.

Goswin. I would he were : there's something too mongst you, to keep you all honest.

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Omnos. Now God reward him, may he never want to comfort still the poor in a good hour.

Ferret. What i't? see, *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good Crown marry.

Prig. A Crown of Gold.

Ferret. For our new King? good luck.

Ginkes. To the common treasury with it; i't be Ginkes
thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*—

King Clause, I bid God save the first, first, *Clause,* after the
golden token of a Crown; where's Orator *Higgen* with
his gratulating speech now in all our names?

Ferret. Here he is pumping for it.

Ginkes. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but a
more and then it comes.

Ferret. So, out withall; expect now—

Higgen. That thou art chosen venerable *Clause,* King and Sovereign; Monarch o'th Msunders, thus throw up our Nab's cheats, first for joy, & then our filch, last we clap our fables, three subject signs, we do without envy : for who is he here did not wish thee dead, now thou art chosen? ask 'um : all will say so, I swear't, 'tis for the King, but let that pass; when last conference at the bouzing Ken this other day we sat about our dead Prince of famous memory, (rest, go with rags :) and that I saw thee at the Tables end, rise more and gravely leaning on one Crutch, lift the other like a Scepter at my head, I then presag'd thou shortly would be King, and now thou art so, but what needs presage to us, that might have read it in thy beard, Oh happy beard, but happier Prince whose beard was so remain

marked out our Prince, not bairing us a hair. Long may grow, and thick and fair, that who lives under it, may live as safe, as under Beggars-bush, of which this is the thing, that but the Type.

Omnes. Excellent, excellent Oratour, forward good *Higgen*, give him leave to spitt the fine, well spoken *Higgen*.

Higgen. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard under whose Gold and Silver Raign 'twas said so many ages since, we all should smile on impositions, taxes, grievances, knots in a State, and whips unto a subject, lying lurking in his beard, but all kem'd out: if now the beard is such, what is the Prince that owes the beard? a father; so, a Grandfather; nay the great Grandfather of you is people. He will not force away your Hens, your Bawson, when you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from on the fattest of your Puddings, under him each Man shall at his own stolen Eggs and Butter, in his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy his own dear Dill, Doxy, or Mort, at sight in his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet, that he hath filch'd that day, I, and possess what he can purchase, back, or belly-cheats, to his own prop: he will have no purveyors for Pigs, and Poultry.

Clause. That we must have, my Learned Oratour, it is our will, and every man to keep in his own Path, and Circuit.

Higgen. Do you hear.

You must hereafter maundon your own pads he saies?

Clause. And what they get there, is there own, besides give good words.

Higgen. Do you mark? to cut Bene-whids; that is the second Law.

Clause. And keep a foot the humble, and the common trade of begging, least men discover us.

Higgen. Yes: and cry sometimes to move compassion.

Sir,

Sir, there is a Table, that doth command all these things and enjoynes 'em; be perfect in their Crutches: their fain'd Plaisters, and their true passebords, with the way to flammer, and to be dumb, and deaf, and blind and lame. There, all the halting paces are set down; it's learned Language.

Clause. Thither I refer them, those, you at leisure shall interpret to them, we love no heaps of Laws, where few will serve.

Omnis. O gracious Prince, 'save the good King *Clause* *Higgen.* A song to crown him.

Ferret. Set a Centinel out first. *Snap.* The word?

Higgen. A cove comes, and fumbumbisto it----*Strike* Which ends *C*

A Sing. Enter *Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirk.*

Snap. A Cove, Fumbumbis. *Prig.* To your posture Arm. *Hubert.* Yonders the Town; I see it.

Hemskirk. There's our danger indeed afore us, if our shadows save not. *Higgen.* Bless your good worships.

Ferret. One small peice of money. *Prig.* Amongst all poor wretches. *Clause.* Blind and lame. *Ginky.* For his sake that gives all. *Hig.* Pittiful worships.

Snap. One little doit.

Enter Jacoline.

Jacoline. King, by your leave, where are you, *Clause.* To buy a little bread.

Higgen. To feed so many mouths as will ever pray for you. *Prig.* Here be seven of us.

Higgen. Seven, good Master, O remember seven, seven blessings.

Ferret. Remember, gentle Worshipful.

Higgen. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.

Prig. And seven sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing--as we had not a charity this three days.

Ferret. Heaven reward you. *Prig.* Lord reward you

H

Higgen. The Prince of pitty blefs thee,

Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
? 'tis her face; come hither Maid.

Faculine. What ha' you bells for my Squirrel? I ha'
'n Bun meat, you do not love me do you? catch me
Butterfly, and I'll love you again; when can you tell?
ace, we go a birding; I shall have a fine thing.

Hub. Her voice too sayes the same; but for my head
would not that her manners were so chang'd, hear me
on honest fellow; whats this Maiden that lives amongst
u here?

Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? nothing but signes?

Ginks. Ao ao, ao, ao.

Hub. 'Tis strange, I would fain have it her, but not
thus.

Higgen. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and
du-du-dude-dumb sir.

Hub. Slid they did al speak plain ev'n now me thought
st thou know this same Maid?

Snap. Why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu,
ods fool she was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the Barn
nder by be-be-be-be-Beggars Buss, bo-bo-
sh, her name is My-my-my-my-Match; so was
r Mo-Mo-Mothers too too.

Hub. I understand no words he sayes; how long has
e been here?

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be in-in-inged; and
sha go-go-go-good luck

Hub. I must be better inform'd, then by this way,
re was another face to that I mark'd, Oh the old mans
t they are vanisht all most suddenly; I will come
e again, Oh that I were so happy, as to find it, what
et hope? It is put on.

Exeunt Beggar Hubert.

Enter Snap, and Ferret.

Snap. The Coast is clear, Ferret, I bo--bo--bo--hence.

Ferret. I, thou wert at thy ba, be, bi, bo, bu, whi shew'd thou wert a Schollar.

Snap. He durst not hold discourse with me, so much for the credit of the Snaps, as the world sayes, either Snap some, or Snapall. That is if you cannot Snap a Snap some.

Ferret. But thy snapping too short makes thee so less I think I have ferreted you there *Snap*.

Snap. We shall not get a snap if we prate longer, the King is serv'd by this time, Dish, and bit, the Feast wait no man, but the man waits it.

Ferret. That is an eager stomach *Snap*; here I Ferret you again. *Exeunt*



The Sexton, or the Mock-Testament

ARGUMENT.

A Covetous jealous Lawyer, that keeps too severe an eye over his Wife, is drawn from home by a wild, to be made an Executor, and thereby enriched, whilst some Gentlemen effect their desire at his House.

ACTORS NAMES.

Sexton, Parson, Lawyer, two Gentlemen.

Table, Stooles, Standish and Paper.

L *Avoyer.* So rich, and I his sole Executor.

Parson. Very right Sir, I am to make his will will you come near Sir.

Law. I am sorry neighbor to find you in so weak a State

Sexton.

Sexton. Ye are welcome, but I am fleeing, Sir.

Lawyer. Methinks he looks well, his colour fresh and strong, his eyes are cheerefull.

Parson. A glimmering before death Sir, 'tis nothing els; do you see how he fumbles with the sheets?

Sexton. My learned Sir pray ye fit, I am bold to send for you to take care of what I leave. - *Parson.* Do you hear that?

Sexton. My honest neighbours weep not, I must leave ye, I cannot always bear ye company, we must drop still. There is no remedy: pray ye Mr. *Parson* will ye write my Testament, and write it largely, it may be remembered, and be witness to my legacies good Gentlemen: your worship do make my full Executor, you are a man of wit & understanding: give me a cup of Wine to raise my spirits, or I speak low: I would, before these neighbours, have you to swear, (Sir) that you will see it executed; and what give, let equally be rendered for my Soules health.

Lawyer. I vow it truly neighbours, let not that trouble ye, before all these, once more I give my Oath.

Sexton. Then set me higher, and pray you come near me all.

Parson. We are ready for you. *Sexton.* First then, after I have given my body to the Wormes: (for they must be serv'd first, they are feldome cozen'd.)

Parson. Remember your parish Neighbour.

Sexton. You speak truly, I do remember it, a vile lewd parish, and pray it may be mended: To the poor of it which is to all the Parish, I give nothing, for nothing un- something is most natural, yet leave as much space as will build an Hospitall, their children may pray for me.

Lawyer. What do you give to it?

Sexton. Set down two thousand Duckets: To your Worship; (because you must take paines to see all finish'd) give two thousand more, it may be three Sir, a poor attorney for your paines-taking. *Lawyer.* These are large

sums? *Parson*. Nothing to him-that has 'em.

Sexton. To my old Master I give five hundred, (five hundred and five hundred are too few Sir) but there's more to serve. *Lamer*. This fellow Coines sure.

Sexton. Give me some more drink, Pray ye buy Book buy books, you have a learned head, stuff it with librams and understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice, not the parish mad with controversies, nor preach not abstinence to longing women, 'twill purge the bottom of their consciences: I would give the Church new Organs, but I prophesie the Church-Wardens would quicken 'em out 'oth parish, two hundred Duckets more mend the Chancell, and to paint true Orthography many, They write *Sunt* with a C which is a bominable pray you set that down to poor maids Marriages.

Parson. I that's well thought of, what's your will that point? A meritorious thing

Sexton. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Locks that there be no freight dealings in their Linnens, but she fails cut according to their burthens; to all Bell-ringers, I bequeath new Ropes, and let them use them at their own discretions.

Gentlemen. You may remember us Sir.

Sexton. I do, good Gentlemen, and I bequeath you both good carefull Surgeons a legacy, you have need more than Money, I know you want good dyets & good potions, and in your pleasures good take heed.

Parson. He raves now, but 'twill be quickly off.

Sexton. I do bequeath ye commodities of thy pin brown papers: Pack-threads, rost Pork and pudding Ginger-bread and *Jews* trumps of penny pipes, and more dy pepper 'tak' 'um ee'n where you please & be cozened with 'em, I should bequeath my Executors also, but those I'll leave to the Law. *Parson*. Now he grows temperate. *Lawyer*, You'll give no more. *Sexton*. I

oth to give more from ye, because I know you will have care to execute, only to pious uses, Sir a little.

Lawyer. If he be worth all these, I am made for ever. *Sexton.* I give to fatal Dames that spin mens threds out poor distressed Damselfs that are militant, as members of our own afflictions, a hundred Crowns to buy warm tubs to work in, I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church yard, a spacious Church yard, to lay theeves and navies in, rich men & and honest take all the room up. *Parson.* Are you not weary? *Sexton.* Never of well going.

Lawyer. These are mad Legacies.

Sexton. They were got as madly, my sheep and oxen, and my moveables, my Plate and Jewels and five hundred acres; I have no heirs. *Lawyer.* This cannot be, 'tis monstrous. *Sexton.* Three Ships at Sea too.

Lawyer. You have made me full Executor? *Sexton.* Full, all, and totall, would I had more to give ye, but these may serve an honest mind. *Lawyer.* You say true, a very honest mind, and make him rich too; But where shall I raise these monies, where shall I find these summes?

Sexton. Even where ye please Sir, you are wise and provident, and know business, even raise 'em where you shall think good, I am reasonable.

Lawyer. Think good? will that raise thousands?

Sexton. You have sworn to see it done that's all my comfort.

Lawyer. Where I please? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me. *Sexton.* Ye are just and honest, and I know ye will do it, e'ne where you please, for you know where the wealth is. *Lawyer.* I am abus'd, baffl'd and boarded it sometimes. *Gentlemen.* No, ye are fool'd. *Parson.* Most finely fool'd. *Sexton.* Ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my heart, Gentlemen this merry *Lawyer*—Ha, ha, ha, this Schollar—I think this fit will cure me: this

Executor--I shall laugh out my lungs. *Lawyer.* This dirision above sufference.

Gentlemen. Did you think, had this man been rich, would have chosen a Wolfe, a Canker, a Maggot-pate to be his whole Executor?

Parson. A Lawyer that intangles all mens honesties and lives like a Spider in a cob-web, lurking, and catching at all flies, that pass his Pit falls? Puts powder to a States, to make 'em caper? would he trust you?

Sexton. Do you deserve? I find Gentlemen this Cripple of a well cozen'd *Lawyer* laid to my Stomach testifies my feaver, methinks I could eat now & walk alive.

Lawyer. I am a sham'd to see how flat I am cheated how grossely, and maliciously made a May-game.

2. Gentleman. This 'tis to covet all the gaines, to have a stirring Oare in all mens actions. *Parson.* We did this but to vex your fine officiousities.

Lawyer. I thank ye, I am fool'd Gentlemen; the *Lawyer* is an Ass, I do confesse it, a weak, dull, shallow Ass good even to your Worships: Vicar, remember Vicar Raskall remember, thou notable rich Raskall.

Sexton. I do remember Sir, pray ye stay a little, I have even two Legacies more to make your mouth up, Sir.

Lawyer. Remember Varlets, quake and remember Rogues, I have brine for your Buttocks.

Parson. Oh, how he frets & fume now like a dunghill *Exit.*

Sexton. His Gall contains fine stufte now to make poysons, rare damned stufte,

Gentlemen. Go, let's crucifie him. *Exit.*

A PRINCE in Conceit.

ARGUMENT.

Two Gentlemen Travellers resolving to see the fashions of the Court, leave their servants in an Inn with some Riches, not returning at their appointed time, wakes him conclude they are—and so run into extravagancies.

ACTORS NAMES.

Pimponio, the Prince in conceit, Host and his Son, Aurelio by the name of Borgia, Pisandro, Dutchess, and Courtiers.

Enter Prince in Contemplation.

PRINCE. Dead, dead, they are no doubt on't, and I Heire apparent to the port-mantue, an aglet hole or two in their hearts has done the business, the port-mantue will say bring forth the port-mantue. *Enter Boy and Boy.* 'Tis here Sir. *his Father.*

Prince. And thy Father too Boy?

Father. What would you have, 'tis very late?

Prince. Never too late to tell Money, fetch me a brace of Gennets, I will mount'em, a Covey of Curtifans, dost ere? *Father.* What does the fellow meane?

Prince. No fellows friend on thy allegiance, 'tis time to shew our self, where is the Boy? *Boy.* Here Seignior.

Prince. Kneel down and ask me blessing. *Boy.* This does look like a blessing, shall I ask another?

Prince. Ask any thing but what I am, I must be still disguis'd, my Men are absent. *Father.* Your men?—

Prince. Thou art wise, thine care, I am a Prince, the reason of my shape thou shalt know hereafter, thus have been disguis'd. *Boy.* Is not your name *Pimponio*.

Prince. It was my pleasure they should call me so, I have

have not found 'em trusty, how fares the Dutches? Thou shalt wait on me, I'll have you all. *Father.* When *Prince.* To *Spain*, when thou hast got a Chapter for this tub thou liv'st in, let me know it. *Enter Pissaro.* *Pissaro.* Where's *Pimponio*? *Prince.* A pox pimpy they are alive agen, now am I a dead man.

Pissaro. There is a certain moveable, ecclips'd a pox mantue. *Prince.* would your tongue had been clipped.

Father. With your pardon Sir, is not this Seignior Prince disguis'd, and came hither to Court the Dutches he has promis'd us at his return from *Spain* to make grandees. *Pissaro.* Has he betrayd himself? nay then duty; if please your excellence. *Prince.* Away, away.

Pissaro. A Prince cannot be hid, though under *Mercurius*, but my dear Prince the Bags must go along with me, while you keep State 'ith Inn.

Prince. Who shall maintain. *Pis.* If I did think thou wouldst carry it handsomly——well I'll excuse thee thy Master, when thou hast domineer'd away this Business thou mayst hear more, and so I take leave of your excellence. *Exit.*

Prince. Hah, am not I a Prince indeed? *Grutti,* Boy entertain you both my Groom, and Page, and say unto you, Snakes go cast your coates, here's earnest for new skins, when things are ripe we will to Court.

Father. What thinks your Grace of going to bed first, let me have fifty Strumpets. *Father.* Fifty. *Trumpets.* *Prince.* Strumpets I say, they'll make the great noise, this Roome's too narrow, beat down the walls, in both sides, advance your light, and call the country in there be a Taylor amongst 'em, he shall first take measure of my highness, for I must no longer walk in *Queen's* *Both.* We attend your Highness.

Exeunt.

Enter Father and Son again.

Father. Why I shall hardly take thee for my own natural child. *Boy.* Let me alone with my *Don*, he is gone to fit himself with clothes, and if I do not fit him, let me never find the way into my own breeches, see he has had a nimble Taylor, some suit prepared to his hand, I know my cue to enter, and pursue his princely humour out of breath.

Exit.

Prince. And how, and how do things *Enter P. like.* become? We were in clouds but now. *a Don & Servants*

Father. Your Highness is broken out, *Prince.* Broken out, where? *Father.* out of the clouds and please you.

Prince. There is no *Infidell* among you then, you all believe I am a Prince, there are no Traitors I hope amongst you. *Father.* Traitors we will cut off any mans neck, that dares but think so.

Prince. Do and I will justify it, hang necks among friends, let us be merry, reach me a Chair and a bottle of Wine, every one take his charge.

Father. Will not your Highness have the dance first.

Prince. They will dance the better when they are three quarters drunk, musick and give fire at once—so, but meetings it were necessary there were some *Musick*, difference in our drinking; all are not Princes, *Sound a reach me a bigger bottle, I will preserve my state, health.* This is a Princely draught—so—why have we not a Concubine? *Servant.* Brave Prince with what a Majesty he drinks.

Prince. Now let e'm frisk the dance you have prepared, we are ready to accept it.

Father. And it shall please your Grace there is a high German desires to speak with you.

2. Serv. I fear you are betray'd Sir, and that the Dutchess has sent for you.

Prince. For me, I won not come yet, *1. Servant.* Do

not

not affront him Sir for your own sake, this high *German* has beaten all the Fencers in *Europe*. *Prince*. Let him beat all the World, what's that to me? Shall he make Prize of me?

Father. But if he come Embassador from the Dutchess *Prince*. That's an other matter, give me the torse bottle—now let all the Cantons of *Scorfs* come—which is the high *German*? let me see him.

Enter *Boy*

Father. That Sir.

Prince. He's one of the lowest high *Germans* that ever I look'd on.

Boy. I kifs thy highness hand. *Prince*. And we imbrace thy Lowness: d'ye hear Sir are you a high *German*? *Boy* was so at the beginning of the wars, what we are beaten to you may discern. *Prince*. Are you beaten to this? you'll be a very little Nation if the Wars continue. *Boy*. I have a message to deliver you, the fair Dutcheffs of *Umbria*, whom I wait on, hearing a person of your blood and quality, so meanly lodg'd, by me desires you would accept an entertainment in her Court.

Prince. We give the Dutcheffs thanks: But what High *German* in my little judgment, doest think the Dutchess will do with me there.

Boy. 'Twere sin to say she'll honour you, for you are above all addition, but her love, 'tis probable you may be affronted. *Prince*. No matter, I have been affronted a hundred times, but by whom? *Boy*. Questionless by some great ones, and perhaps beaten. *Prince*. I have been beaten too upon good occasion, and will agen to save my Honour, beaten? I can take the strappado, beside in part I am sensible, a Kick is cast away.

Boy. If you be valiant and indure, it will engage her to love the more, go on boldly, my countell shall attend.

Prince. I will go on, and fear no beating, well I cannot

Kn

might thee, yet prove but a witch, I'll make thee one of my privy Councillors.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince, and Boy with a Trumpet.

Boy. Tara, Rara ra, room for the Duke of Ferrara.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince again and two Courtiers.

Prince. What's the matter.

1. Courtier. You have fool'd finely, you must be whipt, and stript, my scurvy Don.

Prince. Whip a Prince? what d'ye mean?

2. Courtier. You must be Duke of Ferrara.

Prince. D. of a Fiddle-stick, are you in earnest Gentlemen? do you intend I shall catch an Ague Gentlemen?

1. Courtier. The lash, when the fit comes, will keep you warm, stay but a little, and we'll send you a whip to comfort you. Prince. 'Twill be but cold comfort, make the best on't; how am I transform'd? where's my low high German now? Duke of Ferrara quoth a':—wou'd I were anything, I know not what I am, as they have handled me.

Enter Dutches and Courtier.

Dutches. Is the Duke gone? Courtier. Yes Madam.

Dutch. I'll have the fool hang'd then. Prince. That's I.

Dutches. Alas poor fellow, Ha, ha, ha, what art thou?

Prince. Nothing, I hope the does not know me again, must deny my self.

Dutches. Come hither sirrah, whose device was it to bid you say you were Duke of Ferrara?

Prince. Alas not I Madam, he is gone. Dutches. Who's gone? Prince. The insolent fellow that made a fool

of your Highness. Dutches. Whether is he gone?

Prince. To obey your Grace, and be whip'd.

Dutch. Why do you shake so? Prince. I'm very

shame and please your Grace. Dutch. Where's your

Courtiers. Prince. My Clothes! I never wore any more

than my life, I sweat with these. Dutch. Alas poor fellow,

he has punishment enough, who waits there.

Prin. Now to be sent to whipping cheer. *Enter a servant*
Dutch. Bid *Borgia* attend us.

Servant. I shall Madam.

Enter Borgia or Aurelio his Master.

Borgia. How now firrah, what are you? *Prince.* I am a
 tumbler; do you not know me? *Borgia.* I know the

Prince. What not *Pimponio* honest *Pimponio*.

Servant. *Seignior Borgia* her Grace calls for you. *Exe-*
Borgia. I attend

Prince. How *Seignior Borgia*? then I am not I. *Aurelio*
 there is no staying here to find my self, as I remember
 some back friends of mine did promise a clean whipt, I
 rather endure the foulness of the weather then stay for
 I must be dukiff'd, be perfwaded into Kicks—they'll
 turn I won not tempt my destiny, she promis'd to ha-
 me, & I can do that for my self when I have a mind to
Enter Courtiers.

1. Courtier. Kick that fellow out of the Court.
Prince. You are mistaken Sir, he means some body else
 I have been kick'd already,

Oh gentle fate rid me out of their clutches:
 And then adue to our picked dame *Duchess.* *Exe-*

Enter Aurelio and Pisauro.

2. Courtier. What's the matter. *Pimponio* with
Pisauro. A fool has lost his Master, Oh yes, *Obje-*
 and thus cries him about the Court, thy man *Aurelio*,
Enter Pimponio.

Pimp. Oh yes;

If any man there be

In Town or in Countree

Can tell me of a wight,

Was lost but yester night:

His name was I know

Seignior Aurelio

By these marks, he is known

He had a bush of his own

Two eyes in their place,

And a Nose on his face,

His Beard is very thin,

But no hair on his Chin

Br

ring word to the Cryer | And for this fine feat
is desolate Squire, | Take what you can get;
nd heaven blefs *Pimponio*, for no body knowes me and
know no body else to pray for.

Pisauro. Here, here's thy Master. *Pimp*. No, no, that's
ignior *Borgia*, not a word of whipping if you love me, do
ot deceive your self.

Borgia. We have been both deceived, *Pimponio* I am
y master.

Pimponio. Why then I'll wander through an other
World with you, a World that hath more charity in't,
ent to uncase a man for doing his master honor. *Exeunt*



An Equal Match

ARGUMENT.

A loose Officer, and a wanton waiting Woman, marry in
pe of eithers Riches, and cozen one another.

ACTORS NAMES.

Perez, *Estifania*, an old Woman and her Daughter, or
Maid servant.

Enter *Perez*.

Erez. *Shah* I never return to my own house again: we
are lodg'd here in the miserablest Doghole, a conjur-
ers circle gives content above it, a Hawkes mew is a
incely palace to't we have a bed no bigger then a basket,
d there we lye like Butter clapt together, & sweat our
ves to fave immediately, the fumes are infinite inhabit-
re too; and to that so thick they cut like *Marmalead*,
various too, they'l pose a Gold finder. Never return
mine own paradise? why wife I say, why *Estifania*?

Estif

Estif. Within I am coming presently.

Per. Make haste good jewell; I am like the people that live in the sweet Islands: I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here, my lungs are rotten with the damps that rise & I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts; the Inhabitants we have, are two starv'd Rats, for they are not able to maintain a Cat here, & those appear as fearful as two Divells, they have eat a map of the whole world already, & if we stay a night longer we are gone for company. There's an old Wo. that's now grown to Marble dry'd in this Brick hill, she sits 'ith Chimnies, which but three tyles said like a house of Cards, the true proportion of an old smoak'd hovill, there is a young thing too, that nature meant for a Maid servant, but 'tis now a monster, she has a huske about her like a Chesnut, walsiness, and living under the line here, and these three make a hollow sound together, like Frogs, or winds between two Doors that murmurs, mercy deliver me, are you come wife! Shall we be free agen? *Enter Estif.*

Estif. I am now going, and you shall presently to your own house Sir, by that time you have said your Orison and broke your fast, I shall be back & ready to usher you to your old content, your freedom. *Perez.* Break neck rather, is there any thing here to eat but one another like a race of Cannibals, a piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent, let's have our house agen, immediately and pray ye take heed unto the Furniture, none be imbezelled? *Estifania.* Not a pin I warrant you. *Perez.* And let 'em instantly depart. *Estif.* They shall both, for this time she has acquainted him, and will give over gratefully unto you. *Perez.* I'll walk 'ith charchyars she dead cannot offend me more then these living, hour hence I'll expect you.

Estifania. I'll not fail Sir. *Perez.* And do ye hearken: let's have a handsome dinner, and let me have a stroke

ath to restore me, I stink like a stall-fish-stiambles, or an
Dyle-shop. *Esifania*. You shall have all; which some
interpret nothing.

Enter again Perez, with an old Woman and Maid.

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand
e and tune your Pipe a little higher Lady, i'le hold ye
ast: *Old Wo*. Ha, what would you have? *Perez*. My
oods agen, how came my trunks all open. *Old Wo*. Are
our Trunks gone?

Perez. Yes, and clothes gone, and Chaines, and Jew-
ells, how she smells like hung Beef, the palsy and pick-
backs fit, how she belches the spirit of Garlick.

Old Wo. Where's your Gentlewoman? the young
ir Woman? *Perez*. What's that to my question? she is
y Wife, and gone about my business. *Old Wo*. Is she
our Wife Sir? *Perez*. Yes, Sir, Is that wonder, is the
ame of Wife unknown here. *Old Wo*. Is she truly,
uely your Wife?

Perez. I think so, for I married her, it was no vision
re. *Old Wo*. If you be married to that Gentlewoman
ou are a wretched man, she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true. *Old Wo*. And she has cozen'd
Sir. *Perez*. The devil she has, I had a fair house with
that stands hard by, and furnisht Royally.

Old Wo. You are couzen'd too, 'tis none of hers, good
gentleman, It is a Ladys, what's the Ladys name wench?
Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, she was her servant, &
pt the house, but going from her Sir, for some lewd
icks she plaid. *Perez*. Plague a'the divill, Am I'th
ridian of my wisdoms cheated by a stale Queen? what
nd of Lady is that, that owens the house? *Old Wo*. A
ing sweet Lady. *Perez*. Of a low stature?

Old Wo. She is indeed of a low stature, but wondrous
r. *Perez*. I feel I am couzen'd, sensible I am undone,
she her Mistress say you?

Old Wo. Her own Mistrefs, her very Mistrefs Sir, and all you saw about that house was hers. *Perez.* No plate no Jewells, nor no hangings? No Money?

Old Wo. She is a poor shifting thing, but for one Gentle Lady gave her.

Perez. I am mad now, I think I am as poor as she am wild els, one civil suit I have left, and that's all if I steal that she must flea me for it, where does she use?

Old Wo. You may find truth as soon, alas a thousand conceal'd corners Sir she lurks in, and here she gets fleese, and there another, and lives in milts and smocks where none can find her.

Perez. Is she a whore too? *Old Wo.* Little Bet Gentleman, I dare not say she is so, she is yours.

Perez. A Whore and a Thief too, two excellent moral virtues, in one she Saint, I hope to see her gend, well here's a Royall left yet, there's for your lodging and your meat for this week: a Silk-worm lives at more plentifull ordinary, and sleeps in a sweet Box, Farewell great Grandmother, if I do find you want an accessary, 'tis but cutting off two smoaky minutes, I hang you presently. *Exeunt.*

Enter again at one end, and his Wife at the other.

Estif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I must stand to it stoutly.

Perez. It is my evil Angell, let me blese me; my worthy wife? *Estif.* My noble Husband. *Perez.* I have been in bawdy houses. *Estif.* I belive you, and very late too. *Perez.* To seek your Ladyship, in Cellers too, private Cellers where the thirsty bawds hear your confessions, I was among the Nuns because you sing well, they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourne for ye, last I went to Church to seek you out, 'tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you. *Estif.* You had had amerry progress, I le tell mine now, I went to two Taverns. *Perez.* And are you sober. *Estif.* Yes, I

yet fir, where I saw twenty drunk, most of them
and quarrels needless, and senceless, Swords, and
ts, and Candlesticks, Tables, and Soodles, and all in
confusion, then to the Chyrurgeons went, who
ruefully told me, if you tipp'd hard twenty to one
a whore'd too, and then he should hear of you, last
your Confessor I came who told me you were too
und to pray, and here I have found ye.

Perez. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue
vitty, why am I couzen'd, why am I abused? Thou
st vile, base, abominable.

Elisif. Captain. *Perez.* Thou stinking, oversteud,
or, pocky. *Elisif.* Captain. D'you ecco me,
Elisif. Yes fir, and go before you too, you had best
draw your Sword Captain, draw it, upon a Wes
n, do brave Captain, upon your Wife, oh most
owned Captain.

Perez. A plague upon thee, why didst thou marry me?

Elisif. To be my Husband.

Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wons
s, a House and riches? when they are but shadows,
dows to me.

Elisif. Why did you work on me with your strong
ldiers wit, and swore you would bring me so much
haines; so much in Jewe's Husband, and here's your
asure, sell it to a Tinker to mend old Kettles; is this
ic usage?

Perez. A Fire subtle you, are ye so crafty?

Elisif. Here's a goodly Jewel, did not you win thiat
the Captain, or took it in the Field from some brave
aw? how it sparkles like an old Ladies eyes? and fil
Room with Light like a Dark-lantern, this would
ately in an Abby Window, to couzen Pilgrims.

Perez. Prithe leave prating. *Esiff.* And here's a C of Whirling-eyes for Pearles, a Mussel-monger w have made a better.

Perez. Nay, prithe Wife, my Cloaths, my Cloath *Esiff.* I'll tell ye, your Cloaths are parallels to t all counterfeits, put these and them on, you are a Ma Copper, a kind of Candlestick, these you thought, Husband to have couzened me withal, but I am quite you. *Perez.* Is there no house then, nor no ground bout it, no Plate, nor Hangings.

Esiff. There are none sweet Husband, shadow for dow is an equal justice, can you rail now? pray put fury up sir, and speak great words, you are a Soul Thunder. *Perez.* I will speak little, I have plaid fool, and so I am rewarded. *Esiff.* You have spoken well sir.

Exeunt.



The STALLION.

ARGUMENT.

A Gentleman falls into the hands of Officers, to whom he either pay a summe of money, or be constrained to serve in Gallies for some years, a Matron to a Broiher, taken liking to him, payes the imposed summe, and takes him to her house, where he serves the Womens unsatiate impieties, being dreynd and wearied, is by a happy accident released.

ACTORS NAMES.

Ruttillio, Officers, Band, Pimp, three or four sick Persons belonging to the Brothel, a Gentleman.

Enter Band, and Pimp.

B And, Shall I never see a lusty man again, Pimp. Mistress, you do so over-labour 'em, and so

under 'em; they cannot last. *Baud.* Where's the
 mib-man? *Pimp.* Alas, he's all to fitters, and lies ta-
 ing the height of his fortune with a Sirrenger, he's
 in'd, he's chin'd good Man, he is a mourner.

Baud. What's become of the Don?

Pimp. Who? gold Locks? he's foul i'th Touch-hole;
 recoiles again, the main Spring^s weaned that holds
 his Cock, he lies at the sign of the *Sun* to be new
 hatch'd. *Baud.* The Rutter too is gon.

Pimp. Oh, that was a brave Rascal, he would labour
 a Thresher; but alas what thing can ever last? he has
 enill-mew'd, and drawn too soon; I have seen him in
 Hospital. *Baud.* There was an English-man—

Pimp. I, there was an English-man; you'l scant find
 now to make that name good. There was those Eng-
 n-men, that were men indeed, but they are vanish;
 they are so taken up in their own Country, and so beat-
 off their speed by their own Women, when they come
 re they draw their Legs like Hackneys, drink, and
 their own devices have undone 'um.

Baud. I must have one that's strong, no life in *Lisbon*
 e, perfect and young; my custome with young Ladies,
 d high fed City Dames will fall and break else, I want
 self too in my age to nourish me; They are all sunk
 maintain'd, now whats this business? what goodly fel-
 ns that?

Enter Rattilio, and Officers.

Rattil. Why do you dragme? *Pox* on your Justice,
 me loose cannot a Man fall into one of your drunken
 llars, and venture the breaking on's Neck, but he must
 id thus rascally.

Officer. What made you wandring so late i'th nights;
 a know that is imprisonment.

Rattil. May be I walk in my sleep.

Officer. What made you wandring fir, into that *Vault*
 all the City store and the Ammunition lay?

Rattilio. I fell into 't by chance, I broke my shins your Worships feel not that; I knockt my Head against a hundred Posts, would you had had it, cannot I break Neck in my own defence?

Officer. Your coming thither was to play the Villain to fire the Powder and blow up that part o' th City.

Ruttillio. Yes with my Nose,

Officer. We have told you what's the Law, he that taken there, unless a Magistrate, and have commanded that place, presently if there be nothing found appear near him worthy his Torture, or his present death, either pay his Fine for his presumption, (which is hundred Duckets) or for six years tug at an Oare Gallies; may be you were drunk, you'l be kept for there. *Ruttillio.* Tug at an Oare, you are not enough Rascals to catch me in a Pit fall and betray me?

Baud. A lusty-minded Man.

Pimp. O wonderous able.

Baud. Pray Gentlemen allow me but that liberty to speak a few words with your Prisoner, and I shall thank you. *Officer.* Take your pleasure Lady. *Baud.* Would you give that Woman should redeem you, I deem you from this slavery.

Rattillio. Besides my service, I would give her whole selfe, I would be her Vassal.

Baud. She has great reason to expect as much, considering the great summe she pays for't, yet take comfort what you shall do to merit this, is easy, and I will be your Woman shall befriend you. 'Tis but to entertain for handsome Ladies, and young fair Gentlewomen; to guassie the way; but—giving of your mind—

Ruttillio. I am excellent at it, you cannot pick such another living; I understand you, is't not thus?

Baud. Ye have it. *Ratt.* Bring me a hundred of 'em dispatch 'em, I will be none but yours; should another

an

other way to redeem me, I should scorn it, what would you shall please; I am monstrous lusty, not to be end down; would you have Children? I'll get you. se as fast, and thick as fly-blows.

Band. I admire him, wonder at him.

Ruttillio. Hark you Lady, you may require some— *Band.* I by my faith. *Ruttillio.* And you re it by my faith and handsomely; this old Cat will suck ewdly; you have no daughter? I fly at all; now I am my Kingdom, Tug at an Oare, no, tug in a Feather- with good warm Caudles, hang your hired and water, make you young again, beleeve that Lady I will so bish you.

Band. Come fellow Officers, this Gentlemen is free; pay the Ducks.

Ruttill. And when you catch me in your City powder Tub again, boyl me with Cabbage.

Offic.r. You are both warn'd and arm'd Sir.

Exeunt.

Our Ruttillio with a Night-Cap, as in the Brothel-house.
Ruttillio. Now do I look as if I were Crow-trodden, how mp hams shrink under me; O me, I am broken; ded too; Is this a life? Is this the recreation I have d at? I had a body once, a handsome body; and some too; now I appear like a Rascal that had been a year or two in Gibbets, fy, how I faint; Would keep me from Women? Place me before a Cannon? 'tis a pleasure; stretch me upon a Rack, a recreation but Women? Women? O the Devil Women? reous Gulf was never half so dangerous; Is there ay to fall into the Cellar again, and be raken? no fortune to direct me that way? no Gallies to be nor yet no Gallows? for I fear nothing now no hly thing but these unsanctified Men-leeches, Women, dively my bones ake: oh the old Lady! I have

a kind of waiting Woman lies cross my back too, oh she stinks, I no treason to deliver me? now what are you to do you mock me?

Enter 3 or 4 with Night-caps very faintly.

1. No sir no, we were your predecessors in this place.

2 And come to see how you bear up.

Rustil. Good Gentlemen, you seem to have a snuff in your head sir, a parlous snuffing, but this same damnable ayre—

2 A dampish ayre indeed.

Rustil. Blow your face tenderly, your nose will not endure it; mercy on me, what are men chang'd to by this ayre? is my nose fast yet? methinks it shakes i'th hilt; please to tell me Gentlemen, how long is't since you flourish'd?

3 Not long since. *Rustil.* Move your self easily, see you are tender nor long endured.

2 The labour was so much fir, and so few to perform it— *Rustil.* Must I come to this? and draw my after me like a lame dog? I cannot run away, I am feeble; will you sue for this place again Gentlemen.

1 No truly sir, the place has been too warm for your Complexions. 2 We have enough on't, rest your mind, my sir, we came but to congratulate your fortune, to have abundance. 3 Bear your fortune soberly, and we leave you to the next fair Lady.

Exit the three.

Rustil. Stay but a little, and i'll meet you Gentlemen at the next Hospital, there's no living thus, nor am I able to endure it longer, with all the helps and heat that has been given me, I am at my trot already; they are fair young most of these Women that repair to me; but my stick on like bairs, shake me like feathers, more Weat-

yet.

Enter a fifth

Would I were honestly married to any thing that I could get but half a face, and got a great to keep her, nor a little

I might be civilly merry when I pleased, rather then pouring in these fulling mills.

Baud. I see you bear up bravely yet.

Rutt. Do ye hear Lady, do not make a Game bear me, to play me hourly, and fling on all your VVhelps, will not hold; play me with some discretion, to daye course, and two dayes hence another.

Baud. If you be angry, pay back the money I redeem'd you at, and take your course; I can have men enough: you have cost me an hundred Crowns since you came hither, in brothes and strenghtning Caudles; till you do buy me, if you will eat and live, you shall endeavour, I'll maintain you to't else.

Rutt. Make me a Dog-kennel I'll keep your House d bark, and feed on bare bones, and be whipt out at doors, do ye mark me Lady? whipt, I'll eat old shoes.

Enter a Gentleman.

Baud. Your business is, if it be for a VWoman, ye are cozen'd I keep none here.

Gent. Certain this is the Gentleman, the very same.

Rutt. Death, if I had but money, or any friend to bring me from this bondage, I would thrash, set up a oblers stall, keep Hogs, and feed with 'em, sell Tinders, axes, and knights of Ginger bread that's for three halfpence a day, and think it Lordly, from this base Stallion made: why does he eye me, eye me so narrowly?

Gent. It seems you are troubled Sir, I heard you speak of want. *Rutt.* 'Tis better hearing far than relieving Sir. *Gent.* I do not think so, you know me not.

Rutt. Not yet that I remember. *Gent.* You shall, and for your friend, be confident I love you, by this you shall perceive it, 'tis Gold, and no small sum, a thousand ducats to supply your want. *Rutt.* But do you do this faithfully. *Gent.* If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me in what I'll may serve you Sir, command. *Rutt.* I thank you, this

this is a strange to me as Knights adventure? where you white broth? now lussy blood come in and tell you nonep'tis ready here, no threats, nor no Qrations, prayers now. *Baud*, You do not mean to leave me, *Ratt*, I'll live in Hell sooner then here, and cooler, come quickly come, dispatch, this ayres unwholsome: quid good Lady quickly to't. *Baud*, Well since it mult the next I'lle fether faster sure, and closter.

Ratt. And pick his bones, as y've done mine, pox to ye.

Gentle. At my Lodging for a while, you shall be quarter'd, and there take Physick for your health. *Ratt*, I think I have found my good Angel now, if I can keep him. *Exeunt*.



The GRAVE MAKERS.

ARGUMENT.

While he is making the Grave, for a Lady that drown'd herself, Hamlet and his friend interrupt him with several Questions.

ACTORS NAMES.

Grave-maker, and his Man, Hamlet, and his Friend.

Enter two to dig the Grave.

IS she to be buried in Christian burial, when she w fully seeks her own Salvation?

Man, I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight; the Crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Grav, How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence.

Man, Why 'tis found so.

Grav

Grav. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for ere lies the point, if I drown my self willingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to perform, or all; she drown'd her self wittingly.

Man. Nay, but hear you good man Deliver.

Grav. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is nill he, will he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him and drowns him, he drowns not himself; argall, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own Life.

Man. But is this Law.

Grav. I marry is't, Crowners quest Law.

Man. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried out a Christian burial.

Grav. VVhy there thou say'st, and the more pitty that great folk should have countenance in this VVorld to drown or hang themselves, more then meaner christians, come my spade, there is no antient Gentlemen but Gardiners, ditchers and Gravemakers, they hold up *Adams* profession.

Man. VVas he a Gentleman?

Grav. He was the fiesht that ever bore Armes. I'll put another question to thee, if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confesse thy self.

Man. Go to.

Grav. VThat is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright or the Carpenter?

Man. The Gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand Tenants.

Grav. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church; Argall the Gallowes may do well to thee, to't again; come.

Man.

Man. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Ship-wright or a Carpenter.

Grave. I tell me that and unyoke.

Man. Marry now I can tell.

Grave. To't.

Man. Mafs I cannot tell.

Grave. Cadgel thy brains no more about it, for you dull As will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask this question next, say a Grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomsday, go get thee in and fetch me a spoon of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O the time for a my behove,

O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business? sings in Grave-making.

Sings.

1. *Grave.* But age with his stealing steps

Hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the Land,

As if I had never been such.

Ham. That skul had a tongue in it, & could sing once how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Caines* Jaw bone, that did the first murder: this might be the pate of a politician which this As now o'reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

2. *Gent.* It might Sir.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, good morrow my Lord, how dost thou sweet Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones Horse when he meant to beg it, might it not?

2. *Gent.* I Sir.

Hamlet. Why ee'n so, and now my Lady Wormes choples, and knocks about the mazer with a Sextons spade heres fine revolution, and we hac the rrick to see't, did these bones cost no more breeding but to play at Loggins with 'em? mine ake to thuck on't.

Grave. A Pickaxe and a Spade a spade
For and a throwing sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
For such a Guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the Skul of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now? his quillities. his cases, his termes, and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the seonce with a durty shovel, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? ham: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his statutes, rogguizance, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine durty, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and doubles, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very conveyances of his Land will scarcely lye in this box, and mult the Inheritor himself have no more? Ha?

Friend. Not a jot more Sir.

Ham. Is not parchment made of Sheepskins.

Friend. I Sir, and of Calves skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves which seek out asurance in that. I will speak to this Fellow, whose Grave's this firrah.

Gravemaker. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made?

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Gravem. You lye out on't fir, and therefore 'tis not yours, for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. I thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'st.

Gravem. 'Tis a quick lye fir, 'twil again from me to you.

you. *Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

Gravem. For no Man Sir.

Ham. What woman then.

Gravem. For none neither.

Ham. VVho is to be buried in't,

Gravem. Oae that was a woman Sir, but rest her soul she's dead.

Ham. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker,

Gravem. Of the days i'th year I came to't, that day that our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbrass*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Gravem. Cannot you tell that, ever fool can tell that it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*.

Gravem. VVhy, because he was mad, a shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Friend. Why?

Gravem. I will not be seen in him there, there are Men as mad as he.

Friend. How came he mad.

Gravem. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely.

Gravem. Faith e'en with loosing his wits.

Ham Upon what ground;

Gravem. Why here in *Denmark*: I have been Sexjun here man and boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lye 'ich earth e're he rot?

Gravem. Faith if he be not rotten before he dye, as we have many pocky courses that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight year or nine year, a Tanner will last you nine year.

Friend. Why he more then another.

Gravem. Why Sir his Hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that a will keep out water a great while, and your water

is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a scull now hath lain you i'th earth twenty three years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Gravem. A whorson mad fellow it was; whose do you think it was.

Ham. I know not.

Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pow'r'd flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same scull Sir, was Sir *Toricks* the Kings Jester.

Ham. This.

Gravem. 'Een that.

Ham. Alas poor *Torick*, I knew him friend, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, but where be your Gibes now, your Gamboles, your Songs of merrymment? quite chop fal'n? prithee friend tell me one thing.

Friend. What's that Sir.

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth.

Friend. 'Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Friend. 'Een so Sir.

Ham. To what base uses may we return? why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a Bung-hole.

Friend. I were to consider; too curiously to consider.

Ham. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: *Alexander* layed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returned to dust, the dust is Earth, of Earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not chop a Beer-barrel.

Imperial *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;

Oh that that Earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the water flaw.

The

The Loyal Citizens.

ARGUMENT.

Who rescue their Prince condemned to dye, by the plots and designs of his Step-Mother.

ACTORS NAMES.

Four Citizens, and a boy.

Enter Citizen, and his boy.

Citizen. Sirrah, go fetch my Fox from the Cutler; theres money for the scowring, tell him, I stop groat since the last great Muster, he had in store pitch the bruise he took with the recoyling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes sir. *Citiz.* And do you hear? when you come, take down my buckler, and sweep the Cobweb off, and grind the pick on t, and fetch a Nail or two, and tack on the Bracers, your Mistres made a Potlet on t, thank her, at her maids wedding, and burnt off the hand.

Boy. I will sir. *Citiz.* Whose within here, ho, neighbour, not stirring yet.

Enter 2. Citizen.

2. Citiz. Oh good morrow, good morrow: what new what news.

1. Citiz. It holds, he dyes this morning.

2 Citiz. Then happy man be his fortune; I am resolv

1 Citiz. And so am I, and forty more good fellows that will not give their heads for the washing, I take

2 Citiz. Sfoot who would not hang in such good Company? and such a Cause? A fire, a VVife, and Children 'tis such a jest that Men should look behind 'em to the World, and let their honours, their honours neighbour

1. *Citiz.* I'll give thee a pint of Bastard, and a Role for that bare word.

2. *Citiz.* They say that we Taylors are things that lay one another, and our Geese hatch us; I'll make some of 'em feel they are Geese's oth Game then, *Jack* take down my Bill, 'tis ten to one I use it; take a good heart Man, all the low Ward is ours with a wet finger; and lay my cut-fingred Gantlet ready for me, that, that I used to worst in when the Gentlemen were up against us, and beaten out of Town, and almost out of debate too; for a plague on 'em, they never paid well since; and take heed Sirrah, your Mistress hears not of this business, she's near her time; yet if she do, I care not, she may long for Rebellion, for she has a devilish spirit.

1. *Citiz.* Come lets call up the new Ironmonger, he's as tough as a steel, and has a fine wit in these refections, are you stirring Neighbour.

3. *Citizen wubin.* Oh good morrow *knocks.*

Neighbours, I'll come to you presently.

2. *Citiz.* Go to, this is his Mothers doing; she's a concat. 1. *Citiz.* As any is in the World.

2. *Citiz.* Then say I have hit it, and a vengeance on her let her be what she will. 1. *Citiz.* Amen say I, she has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom, do you make it?

2. *Citiz.* One thing I am sure she has, the good old Duke she gives him Pap again they say, and dandles him, and hangs a Curral and Bells about his Neck, and makes him believe his teeth will come again, which if they did, and I he, I would weary her as never Cur was wearied; would Neighbour, till my teeth meet, I know where—
out that's counsell.

Enter the 3. Citizen.

3. *Citiz.* Good morrow neighbours: hear you the bad news? 1. *Citiz.* Yes, would we knew as well how

to prevent it. 3. *Citiz.* I cannot tell, methinks 'twould be no great matter, if men were men: But. —

2. *Citiz.* You do not twit me with my calling neighbours? 3. *Citiz.* No surely: for I know your spirit be tall, pray be not vext.

2. *Citiz.* Pray forward with your council: I am willing I am: And they that prove me, shall find me to their cost: do you mark me neighbour? to their cost I say.

1. *Citiz.* Nay look how soon you are angry.

2. *Citiz.* They shall neighbour: Yes, I say they shall.

3. *Citiz.* I do believe they shall. 1. *Citiz.* I know they shall. 2. *Citiz.* Whether you do or no, I care not two pence, I am no beast, I know mine own strength Neighbours; God blest the King, your companies shall be fair. 1. *Citiz.* Nay now you erre Neighbour I must tell you so, were you twenty neighbours, 3. *Citiz.* You have best-go Peach, do perch. 2. *Citiz.* Peach, I scorn that motion. 3. *Citiz.* Do and see what follows: I'll spend an hundred pounds, and it be two I care not, but undo thee. 2. *Citiz.* Peach, Oh disgrace! Peach in the face, and do the worst thou canst I am a true man, and free man; peach,

1. *Citiz.* Nay look, you will spoil all.

2. *Citiz.* Peach. 1. *Citiz.* Whil't you two brawl together, the Prince will loose his life.

3. *Citiz.* Come give me your Hand, I love you well, are you for the action?

2. *Citiz.* Yes, but Peach provokes me, 'tis a cold fruit I feel it cold in my stomach still. 3. *Citiz.* No more, I give you Cake to digest it.

Enter the 4th Citizen.

4. *Citiz.* Shut up Shop, and be ready at a call boy, and one of you run over my old Tuck with a few ashes 'tis grown odious with softing Cheese! and burn a little Gun-powder in my murther, the maid made it her chamber

an hour hence I'll come again, and as you hear from
send me a clean Shirt.

3. *Citiz.* The chandler by the wharf, and it be thy will.
2. *Citiz.* Gossip, good morrow. 4. *Citiz.* O good
morrow Gossip, good morrow all, I see you of one mind
cleave so close together: Come 'tistime, I have pre-
ced a hundred if they stand.

1. *Citiz.* 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it?

4. *Citiz.* If my Tuck held, I'll spit the Guard like
icks with sage in th' belly o'um,

2. *Citiz.* I have a foolish bill to reckon with 'um will
be some of their hearts ake, and I'll lay it on: now shall
ght 'twil do you good to see me.

3. *Citiz.* Come I'll do something for the Town to
of when I am rotten: pray God there be enough to
that's all.



Invisible Smirk, or the Pen Combatants.

ARGUMENT.

*A day of Fable is appointed by the Duke, wherein every one
express his duty endeavours something of Mirth, to Crown
the day.*

ACTORS NAMES.

Duke, Dutcheß, Frederick, Smirk, a Conjuror, a Spirit,
Egg, and Lord Shallow.

Enter Smirk,

MIRK: Thanks my dear Jem, I've found the vertue
now, I had not past e'm els, a man may have an invisibl-
Ring I see and not know of it; what is this all the
device

divices sports and delights the Duke shall have for Money? the Proclamation promiseth reward for shall shew any varieties, and will it all come to a Masque? I'll shew his Grace some sport my self the help of my good friend here, which now must again, by your Majesties leave.

Duke. How now what's he.

Smirk. What's he the wonder of your Kingdom.

Duke. How the wonder! *Smirk.* I, and can do greatest, — now you see me you know me.

Fred. Yes Sir, I do know you.

Smirk. And you all see me, you say.

Omnes. We do.

Smirk. And I do see all you, but what's that to the pose; *Duke.* Very little I confess.

Smirk. Shall I demonstrate matter of Art, and nothing for my paines.

Omnes. No, no, the Proclamation speaks the contr

Smirk. Well, because Royalty shall have do wrong suspecting your bounty — you see me you say.

Duke. Yes, we do.

Smirk. But who sees me now?

Duke. Trust me he's invisible to me.

Omnes. And to us all.

Smirk. I shoud be sorry els; for, and my invisible Ring should not keep his old vertue, I would hang self directly. *Fred.* Prithee appear again.

Smirk. I will have majesty call me first.

Fred. VVhy, the Duke does call you.

Smirk. Let me hear him *Viva Voice*, *Smirk* is my name welbeloved Subject, once a Painter, but now Squint the invisible Ring.

Duke. *Smirk*, and our welbeloved Subject, once a Painter, but now Esquire of the invisible Ring I call thee to appear again.

Smirk. See here I am, what wilt thou mighty Monarch?
Duke. I do command thee let me see the Ring by which
 thou walk'st invisible.

Smirk. I do command thee not to command me that,
 I from my invisible Ring I will not part.

Duke. Lay hands upon him for a Sorcerer.

Smirk. Assist me my dear Ring, no hands upon me; for
 being invisible I am a Prince, no hands to be laid on me;
 reason doth never prosper.

Conjuror. Nay, then, what hoh,

Spirit. Thy will?

*Enter Spirit
 whisper.*

Conjuror. Seize it, and fly. *Smirk within, Oh, Oh, Oh.*

Spirit. I am gone.

Fred. How? whose that exclaims?

Enter Smirk

Smirk. The cramps in my finger.

Conjuror. The cramp?

Smirk. I the Cramp; the Ring that cur'd it is gone, the
 Ring go with it, for on my conscience he fetcht it,

Duke. What's become of the Ring?

Conjuror. Pardon me my Leige, the vertue that it held
 is from my Art, the Dutche's found the worth on,
 in time was.

Duke. Thy knowledge in good Arts is warranted by us
 all thy actions have been just and Loyal—what
 says this.

Enter a Page.

Page. Thus was I bidden to my Sovereign

Fall on my face, now rise I up again,

To render to the Ladies fair salutes,

And give them all their worthy Attributes,

Wonder not that I resolutely come

Boldly, thus daring press into this room,

For from a Lord 'tis said of eminent note,

I bring this challenge such as can read may know't.

nd. Very succinct and premtory.

G 2

Duke.

Duke. What'ist? *Fred.* A Challenge.
Duke. Read it.

Conjur. For this day I am Master of the *Revels*.

Be it known unto all Men that I, Viscount *Shallow* challenge all Courtiers whatsoever at the true comdious-form of compiling Epistles, *Alias* Love Letters Ladies, or Mistresses either in prose or verse *ex tempore* not, *ex tempore* according as it shall please the challenger *Fred.* Here's unexpected sport, *Smirk* thou shalt take up, I'll wager on thy side.

Smirk. Say you so Sir, shall I be the man, 'twill recompence my loss of the Ring, for I know I shall beat out o'th Pit with Oratry and Poetry. *Enter Shallow.*

Shallow. Which is my Antagonist?

Smirk. Behold the man with pen and ink provide *Shallow.* Poor fool thou wilt but make thy self den

Smirk. So nimble in rime, I'll first break you in prose, and afterwards whip you in verse, I'll embattle in couplets you challenge all men to compose.

Shallow. I do.

Smirk. VVith figures or without figures, with senten or without sentences.

Shallow. 'Tis right.

Smirk. Draw out your pen and inkhorn I am for

Shallow. VVith expedition too, I put in that.

Smirk. No expedition belongs to Clerkes, and Secretaries.

Shallow. I Sir, celerity I mean.

Smirk. No more but so, a word's enough.

Fred. *Smirk* goes on smoothly without any rub,

Conjur. Yet there he had one.

Fred. Hold byas, and a sentence then,

Shallow. Scripsi.

Smirk. Et Scripsi.

Fred. Now Lordings lend your Ears.

Shallow. I will read it first my self.

Conjurer. Good reason.

Shallow. Fairest in the world, and sweetest upon earth.

Smirk. So, so, so.

Shallow. I remember my duty to you in black and

ite. *Smirk.* I would it had been black and blew.

Conjurer. Peace.

Shallow. For all colour selfe, wave under the standard

your beauty, you are the Mistress of beauty, all other.

men are but your handmaids.

Smirk. Oh abominable barren.

Conjurer. Nay *Smirk* silence, you must not interrupt

ur adversary.

Shallow. I can say nothing without saying too much,

say too much without saying nothing.

Smirk. I can say nothing, or els I wou'd say something,

here it is shall shame thee and thy Lordly botching.

Shallow. Methinks when thou standest in the Sun with

feather on thy head, and thy Fan in thy hand, thou

It like the Phenix of the East Indies, burning in spices

Gloves, mace, and Nutmegs are in thy breath.

Smirk. She would make an excellent wassel buale.

Conjurer. Again, fy, fy.

Smirk. I have done.

Shallow. The apples of thy breast are like the Lemons

Arabia which makes the Vessel so sweet, it can never

ell of the Cask.

Fred. If she should, it might prove the Brewers fault.

Shallow. Being cometo your middle I must draw to an

, for my end is at the middle, because of the Proverb,

Medio consistit veritas, and so I conclude: yours while

ne own, and afterwards if it were possible.

Smirk. *V* Vell, now let me run on, judgement I crave—

Fred. *V* Which thou shalt have.

Smirk. Illustrious, bright shining well spoken, and blood

stirring Lady. *Fred.* I marry Sir.

Smirk. If the rope of my capacity could reach to Belfry of your beauty, these words of mine like Sir Bells might be worthy to hang in the ears of your favour; but the Ladder of my invention is too low to climb up the Steeple of your understanding.

Omnes. Excellent *Smirk*

Smirk. If it were not, I should ring out my mind to in a sweet Peal of most savory conceits. For your face like the Sun, no man is able to endure it.

Omnes. Very good.

Smirk. Your forehead which I will neither compare Alleblaster nor to the Lilly, but it is, as it is, and so both your Eyes; for your Nose, it is a well arched bridge which for bravery take I passe over: Your cheeks are a good Comedy, worthy to be clapt: your lips and your teeth are incomparable; your tongue like the Instrumēt of *Orpheus*, able to tame the furies: to handle c'ry of you were too much, but some particular part, no man can sufficient.

Fred. Prithce let me give thee a box on the Ear, that conceit.

Smirk. No my good Lord, pray keep your bounty From top to toe you are a sweet Vessel of delight, I do not say a Barrel, for oftentimes with much joulting Brewer beats out the bung-hole, and so the good liquor runs out, but you contain yours although not hoop-bout with the old farthingall after the newest fashion, so I leave you fairest of a hundred, and wityest of a thousand, resting in little rest till I rest wholly yours in Down bed of affection, where ever standing to my use I rest all in all yours.

Fred. Could any man have said more?

Shallow: Spire your censures a while Gentlemen, Sir I challenge you in verse, in praise of tall Women.

little Women, choose your Subject, which you refuse to
 ke. *Smirk.* Why then I'll take your little Women.

Shallow. And I your lusty, proceed.

Conjurer. Some patience will be required from us, for
 our verse cannot come off so roundly as their prose.

Smirk. As roundly as a Runlet of Sack Sir, I'll warrant
 you. *Shallow.* Scripsh.

Smirk. *Sed non feci.* Stay a little here are a couple of
 ones, a Halter on 'em they won not twist handsomely, go
 toward I have ended.

Pred. Attention.

Shallow. Listen you tall, and likewise you low man,
 I sing the praises of a bouncing Woman.

A full, well set, big-bon'd, and fairly jointed.
 Fit to bid welcome, Men, are best appointed.

Conjurer. Excellent.

Shal. To your tall V Women, your little one is nothing
 No more than is a high thing, to a low thing.

Omnes. That's true.

Shal. For your small dandiprat, I hope there's no man,
 That thinks her but a Hobby-horse to Woman,

A thing to be forgot and never known,

But on a holy day, to the rout shewn,

In Wars the Bassilisco is prefer'd,
 Before the Musket, and is louder heard.

Conjurer. There's an Error, little, and loud (my friend.)

Shallow. In every Triumph where there is excess,
 The greater always putteth down the less,

The Lyons is more admired at,

Then her Epitome, which is a Cat.

Conjurer. The fool grows serious: He hath stoln it
 certainly.

Shallow. But to weak understandings now I come,
 Is your small Taber musick to your Drum?

Smirk. Ham, drum, he has hit within an Inch of a con-

ceit of mine. *Swallow.* Or in an Instrument of peace
(there that

Be made upon a Kit, as a base Viell?

Judge you my Masters, that on both have plaid,
It is but my opinion, and I've said.

Fred. Comethou hast said well, *Smirk* look to your

Smirk. I warrant you, give me Audience.

Conjuror. Silence.

Smirk. In praise of little Women I begin,

And will maintain what I have enter'd in :

Is not your Parochit, or Marmoset,

In more request then your Babeone or Parret?

Give but your little wench freely her Liquor,

And to bed send her, you will find her quicker ;

Pearter, nimbler, both to kifs, and cog,

Then your great wench that will lye like a Log ;

And be that all day at the Drum doth labour,

Would at night gladly play upon a Taber.

I hope there's no man but of this beliefe,

That Veal's more sweet and nourishing then Beefe :

Small meats are still prefer'd, for ask your Glutton,

He'l always say Lambs sweeter then your Mutton,

Your Smilt then whiting firmer is, and sounder,

Nor must your Place compare with your neat Flour

Fred. Well said, now thou art in good victualls the

never out. *Smirk.* In fish or flesh I'll prove it to each

A Larkes leg, then the body of a Kite

Is better far ; Our Bakers allways make

The finest flower in the lesser Cake,

And I'll be judg'd by those that roots do eat

That your small Turnip's better then your g

Conjuror. I am of thy mind too.

Smirk. VWho list to be resolv'd, let 'um both try

In that beliefe I live, in that I'll die

Fred. Incomparable *Smirk*, thou'st my voice, judgen

Omines. A *Smirk*, a *Smirk.* *Exeunt.*

The three Merry Boys.

ARGUMENT.

The King a Tyrant, employs them to kill his Elder Brother; the Pantler betrays it, but the business being done, they all suffer, &c.

ACTORS NAMES.

Teoman of the Wine Cellar, Cook, Butler, Pantler, Guard, and Boys.

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Teomen
of the Cellar with a Jack of Beer, &c.

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boys give me some drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter: body of me I am dry still, give me the Jack boy, this wooden skiff holds nothing.

Pant. And faith Master, what brave new meats? for here will be old eating.

Cooke. Old and young boy; let 'em all eat, I have it; I have ballas for their bellies, if they eat a Gods name, let them have ten tire of teeth a peece, I care not.

Butler. But what rare munition.

Cooke. Fish, a thousand; I'll make your piggs speak French at Table, and a fat Swan come sailing out of *England*, with a Challenge; I'll make you a Dish of Calves-feet dance the Canaries, and a comfort of cram'd Capons fiddle to 'em; a Calves-head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larkes rise from the Dish and sing all supper time; 'tis nothing boys: I have framed a fortification out of Rye past which is impregnable, and against that, for two long hours together, two dozen of Marrowbones, shall play continually; for fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white broth, and Pikes come ploughing up the plums before them:

them; *Arion* like a Dolphin, playing lachrymo, and braiding King Herring with his Oyle and Onyon crown'd with Lemon fill, his way prepar'd with his strong Guard-pilchers. *Pantl.* I marry Master.

Cook. All these are nothing; I'll make you a stub Goose turn o'th toe thrice, do a cross point presently, and sit down agen, and cry come eat me: These are for mine now Sir, for matter of mourning, I'll bring you in the Lady loyne of Veal, with the long love she bore the Prince of *Orange*.

All. Thou Boy, thou. *Cook.* I have a trick for the too, and a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Teoman, What's that good Master? *Cook.* 'Tis Sacrifice: a full Vine bending like an Arch, and under the blown God *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hogshed, his Alter-bell before that plump Vintner kneeling and offering incense to his deity, which shall be only red sprats and pilchers.

Butler. This when the tables drawn, to draw the Wine in. *Cook.* I thou hast it right, and then comes thy son *Butler.* *Pantl.* This will be admirable. *Teom.* Oh Sir most admirable. *Cook.* If you'll have the Pasty speak 'tis in my power, I have fire enough to work it; when friends hast thou to day? no Citizens? *Pantl.* Yes rather the old crew. *Cook.* By the Masse true Wenches firrah set by a Chine of Beeffe, and a hot Pasty, and let the Joll of sturgeon be corrected: and do you marke Sir stalk me to a Phetant, and see if you can shout huz in the Celler. *Pantl.* God a mercy lad, send me thy roaring bottles, and with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd that a thou speak'st shall be pure helicon. *Butler.* But what wa't we did promise to monsieur Latorch.

Teoman. Do you ask that now? *Pantl.* I'll tell you. It is to be all villains, knaves and Traytors.

Cook. Fine wholsome titles.

Butler. But if you dare go forward.

Cooke. May be hang'd drawn and quarter'd.

Paul. Very true Sir. *Cooke.* What a goodly swing I shall give the Gallows? yet I think too, this may be done, and yet we may be rewarded, not with a Rope, but with a Royal Master: and yet we may be hang'd too.

Teoman. Say it were done; who is't done for? is it not for *Rollo*? and for his right? *Cooke.* And yet we may be hang'd too? *Butler.* Or say he take it, say we be discover'd? Is not the same man found to protect us? are we not his? *Teoman.* Sure he will never fail us.

Cooke. If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us, & yet methinks, this Prologue to our purpose, the Crowns were given, should promise more: 'Tis easily done, as easy as a man would roast an Egge, if that be all; for look you, Gentlemen, here stand my brothes, my finger slips a little, down drops a Dosse, I stir him with my Ladle, and there's a Dish for a Duke, *Olla podrida*, here stands a Bake'd meat, he wants a little seasoning, a foolish mistake; my Spices-box Gentlemen, and put in some of this, the matter's ended; dredge you a dish of Plovers, there's the art on't. *Teoman.* Or as I fill my Wine. *Cooke.* 'Tis very true Sir, blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first, when 'tis past and done once, 'tis as easy for him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Paul. But 'tis a damn'd sin. *Cooke.* Oh never fear that, the fire's my playfellow, and now I am resolv'd boys. *Butler.* Why then have with you.

Teoman. The same for me. *Paul.* For me too.

Cooke. And now no more our worships, but our Lordships. *Paul.* Not this year on my knowledge, I'll un-
Lord you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guard.

Guard. Make room before there, room for the Prisoners. 1. Boy. Are these the Youths? *Cooke.* These are the Youths you looks for, and pray my honest friends be

be not too hasty, there will be nothing done till we come I assure you. 2. *Boy*. Here's a wise hanging, are there no more?

Butler. Do you hear, you may come in for your share if you please.

3. *Boy*. Afore, afore Boyes here's enough to make us sport. *Teoman*. Pox take you, do you call this sport? are these your recreations? must we be hang'd to make you mirth. *Cook*. do you hear Sir? you custard pate, we go to't, for high treason, an Honourable fault: thy foolish father was hang'd for stealing sheep,

1. *Boy*. Away Boyes, away.

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking Rogue looks now! you, chip, *Pantler*, peaching Rogue, that provided us these Neck-laces; you poor Rogue, you covise Rogue you *Pantler*. Pray, pray, fellows. *Cook*, pray for thy crusty Soule: where's your reward now Goodman mancher for your fine discovery? I do beseech you Sir, where are your dollers? draw with your fellows and be hang'd.

Teoman. You must now, for now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort, a place too good for thee thou meal-mouth'd Rascal. *Cook*. Hang handsomely, for shame come leave your praying you peaking knave, and be like a good Courtier; die daringly, and like a man; no preaching, with I beseech you take example by me, I liv'd a lewd man, good people: pox on't, die me as if thou hast d'm'd, say grace, and Heaven be with you.

Guard. Come will you forward? *Cook*. Good Mr. Sheriff, your leave to, this hasty work was ne're done well, give us so much time as but to sing our own ballad for we'll trust no man, nor no time but our own, 'twas done in Ale too, your penny pot Poets, are such pelsing theeves, they ever hang men twice, we have it here Sir, and so must every Merchant of our voyage, he'll make sweet return else of his Credit.

Yeo. One fit of our mirth and then we are for you.

Guard. Make hast then, dispatch. *Yeo.* There's day enough Sir.

Cook. Come boyes, sing cheerfully, we shall ne're sing younger; we have chosen a lew'd tune too, because it should like well.

Song.

Yeo. Come, fortunes a whore I, care not who tells her,
 Would offer to strangle a Page of the Celler,
 That should by his Oath, to any mans thinking
 And place, have had a defence for his drinking,
 But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
 Instead of his wages, she gives him a Halter.

Chorus.

*Three merry boys & three merry boys & three merry boys are we
 As ever did sing in a hempen string under the Gallow Tree.*

2.

Butler. But I that was so lusty,

And ever kept my bottles;

That neither they were musty

And seldom less then Pottles;

For me to be thus stopt now

With 'hem instead of Cork Sir,

And from the Gallows topt now

Shews that there is a Fork Sir,

In death, and this the token

Man may be two wayes killed,

Or like the bottle broken,

Or like the V Vine, be spilled.

Chorus.

And three merry boyes, &c.

3.

Cook, Oh yet but look on the Master Cook, the glory
 (of the Kitchen.

In sowing whose fate, at so lofty a rate, no Taylor ever
(had fittichin
For though he makes the man, the Cook he makes the

The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,
(Dishe
That I who at so many a feast have pleas'd so many taster

Should now my self come to bedrest a dish for you
(Mark
Chorus,

And three merry boyes, &c.

Cook. There's a few copies for you, now farewell
friends: and good Mr. Sheriffe let me not be Printed
with a Brass pot on my head.

Butler. March fair, march fair, afore good Captain
Pantler. Oh man, or beast, or you at least
That were or brow or Autler,

Prick up your ears, unto the teares
Of me poor *Paul* the *Pantler*,

That thus am clipt, because I chipt
The cursed crust of Treasoe;

With Loyal knife! Oh doleful strife
To hang thus without reason. *Exeunt*



The Bubble.

ARGUMENT.

*The Master becomes a servant, the servant a Master, and
the Master a servant again.*

ACTORS NAMES.

*Gervase, Bubble, Sprinkle, Scattergood, Gentlemen, Fools,
thers, and two Gentlemen.*

Enter Master and Man.

Master. Hast thou packt up all thy things? mayst thou
thee weep not. *Man.* Affection Sir will burst out
but Master wherefore should we be parted?

Master. Because my fortunes are desperate. *Man.* But whether do you mean to go Master?

Maſt. Why to Sea man, to sea. *Man.* Lord bleſs us methinks I hear of a tempeſt already.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where dwells Mr. Bubble? *Man.* What is your buſineſs with Mr. Bubble? I am the Man. *Meſſen.* May be aſſured that your name is Mr. Bubble?

Man. I tell thee honeſt friend my name is Mr. Bubble, Mr. Bartolomew Bubble.

Meſſen. Why then Sir you are Heir to a Million, your Uncle the Rich Uſerer is dead.

Man. Hum, hum. *Maſt.* How my little Bubble is blown up with the news.

The other. Where's the Worſhipful Mr. Bubble.

Enter another

Man. The Worſhipful, what you do with the Worſhipful Mr. Bubble? I am the Man.

Other Meſſen. Mr. Thong the Belt-maker by me gives you notice that your Uncle is dead, and you are his only heir. *Bubble.* Thy news is good & I have look'd for't long. Thanks unto thee my friend, and good man Thong:

Come Maſter now you ſhall not need to travel. Nor feaſt your Toes with durt and ſcurvy Gravel.

Exeunt.

Enter in Mourning and a Gentleman.

Bubble. I, I, he's gone, he's gone. *Gent.* What then is not you can fetch him agen, it muſt be your comfort that he dyed well.

Bubble. Truly ſo it is, I would to God I had ee'n another Uncle that would dye no worſe; the remembrance of death is ſharp Gentlemen, therefore there is a banquet within to ſweeten your conceits.

1. *Gent.* Well, Mr. Bubble, we'll go in and taſt of your bounty, in the mean time you muſt be of good cheer.

Bubble. If grief take not away my ſtomach, I will have good

good cheer. *Bubble*. If grief take not away my sorrow, I will have good cheer: — *Sprinkle*. Had the woman puddens to their dole? *Sprinkle*. Yes Sir.

Bubble. And how did they take them.

Sprinkle. With their hands Sir.

Bubble. O thou *Hercules* of ignorance, I mean how were they satisfied?

Sprinkle. By my troth Sir, but so so, and yet sometimes had two.

Bubble. O insatiable Women, whom two puddings would not satisfy,

Off with my mourning Robes grief to the grave,

For I have Gold and therefore will be brave, *Pull*

In Silks I'll rattle it of every colour *his mourning*

And when I go by water, scorn a skulgar,

In black cornation Velvet I will cloak me,

And when men bid God save me, cry *Tu Quoque*.

It is needful a Gentleman should speak *Latin* sometimes if not *Gervase*.

Gervase. O very graceful, your most accomplished Gentlemen are known by it.

Bubble. Then I'll use that little I have upon all occasions.

Exeunt.

Enter Bubble as to his Courtship, with Ladies and their Father.

Bubble, Thanks, and *Tu Quo* is a word for all, *Gervase* how shall I behave my self to the Gentlewoman *Staines*. Why advance your self towards them, and for your discourse your *Tu Quoque* will bear you out.

Bubble. Nay, and that be all I care not; I'll set a good face on't that's flat, and here's a Leg, if ever a Baker *England* shew me a better I'll give him mine for nothing.

Gervase. Oh that's a special thing that I must caution you of; never whilst you live commend your self, more vilely you speak of your, — the more the Ladies

I applaud. *Bubble.* Say'st thou so *Gervase*; then let us alone to dispraise my self, I'll make my self the ardent Coxcomb in a whole Countrey, 'tis this the eldest

Gent. Yes marry is she sir.

Bubble. I'll kiss the youngest first, because she likes best, by th' mas's they kiss exceeding well, I do not think but they have been brought up to't—now to the speech Lady—even a—Drammer or a Pewterer—*Lady.* Very good sir. *Bubble.* Do,—do, do.—

Lady. What do they do? *Bubble.* By my troth I do know; for to say truth I am a kind of an Ass.

Lady. How sir, an Ass?

Bubble. So God ha'me I am Lady, you never saw an enter Ass in your life, pray look upon me Lady,

Lady. So I do sir.

Bubble. But look upon me well, and tell me if ever you saw a Man look so simply as I do, did you ever see a wise timber'd Leg, what say you, can you find e're a good inch about me.

Lady. Yes that I can sir.

Bubble. Find it and take it Lady; there I think I be'd *Gervase*,—come Ladies will you lead the way.

Gervase. Ah while you live Men before Women, cut me hath plaid it so.

Bubble. Why then custome is not so mannerly as I should be.

Exeunt.

Enter with his Mistress.

Bubble. Pray let me see your hand, the line of your golden-head is out, now for your fingers; upon which you will you wear your Wedding-ring.

Mistress. Upon no finger.

Bubble. Then I perceive you mean to wear it upon your thumb, well the time is come sweet *Joyce*, the time is

Joyce. What do do sir.

Bubble. For me to tickle thy *Tu Quoque*, thereto prepare, provide to morne to meet me as a Bride. *Miss.* I'll meet thee like a Ghost first.

Enter Scattergood, and Bubble as to be married.

Scattergood. Did I eat my Lettice to Supper last night that I am so sleepy, thy eyes are close too Brother *Bubble.* As fast as a Kentish Oyfter, surely I was beat in a Plumb-tree, I have such a deal of Gum about my eyes, what's this about my shins?

Scar. VVe have metamorphos'd our Stocking for want of Splendor. *Bubble.* Pray, what's that Splendor?

Scar. Why, 'tis the Latin word for a Christmas carol. *Enter the Gentlemen their Father and their Husband.*

Bubble. *Tu Quoque* to all: What shall we go to Church long to be about this gear.

Father. You may take out the other nap now, for you are cozen'd, and made a coxcomb.

Scar. That word coxcombe goes against my Stomach. *Bubble.* And against mine, a man might have digested your Woodcock better, *Father.* Do you know that your Sattin, he's the penner to that Inkhorn.

Bubble. Are not you my man *Gervase!* have you married her? *Gervase.* The Priest has Sir.

Bubble. Then am worse then ten Coxcombes.

Gervase. And a beggerly one, your time of pageant is over, sergeants take him to ye.

Bubble. How's this, is my *Tu Quoque* come to an *End*?

Gervase. If you can put off your former pride and oblige on this with that humility that you first wore it, I will kneel your debts, free you of all incumbrances, and take your gain into my service.

Bubble. 'Tis, but faces about, and be as I was, *Father* hook let me go, I will take his worships offer, rather be kept in your clutches, a man in a blew coat may

the colour for his Knavery, when in the Counter he
have none.

Exeunt.



The CLUB-MEN.

ARGUMENT.

An old Humorous Captain animates the rout to Rebellion on the behalf of Philaster, they surprize Pharamond, a boasting Jewish Prince, but are appeased by Philaster, and Pharamond released.

ACTORS NAMES.

An old Captain, three or four Citizens, Pharamond, and Philaster.

Enter Captain.

Come my brave mirmidons, lets fall on, let our Caps
swarm my boyes, and your nimble Tongues for-
swear your Mother Gib-rish, of what do you lack, and set
your mouths up Children, till your pallats fall frighted
as a fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grosse pep-
per, and then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*, let *Philaster*
deeper in request, my ding-dongs, my paires of dear
dentures, King of Clubs, then your cold water chambe-
r, or your paintings spitted with copper, let not your
filkes or your branch'd cloath of bodkin, or your
chaines, dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard, your
binhoods scarlet, and Johas, tye your affections in
knesse to your Shops, no dainty Duckers, up with
your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valours, and
your ancient collar make the King feeble the measure of
your mightinesse *Philaster*, cry my Rose-nobles cry.

All, Philaster, Philaster.

Captain. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these

are mad boyes. I tell you, these are things that will strike their Top-sailes to a foarst, and let a man of w an Argosy bull, cry Cockes.

Phar. Why you rude slave, do you know what you *Capt.* My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know, give your greatnesse warning, that you talk no more of bug-words, or that foldred Crown shall be scratch'd a Musket; Deare Prince Pippin, down with your blood, or as I live I'll have you codled; let him lose spirits, make as round Ring with your Bills my Heeds, and let us see what this trim man dares do; now first at ye, here I lie, and with this swashing blow, do sweat Prince; I could hack your Grace, and hang your crocke-leg'd like a Hare at a Poulterers.

Phar. You will not see me murthered wicked Villaine & *Chiz.* Yes indeed we will sir, we have not seem'd foe a great while,

Capt. He would have weapons, would he? give him broadside my brave Boyes with your pikes, branch his skin in flowers like a Satin, and between every flower a mortal cut, your Royalty shall ravell, jag him down, I'll have him cut to the kell, then down he comes, oh for a whip to make him Galoom-laces, have a Coach-whip.

Phar. O spare me Gentlemen.

Capt. Hold, hold, the Man begins to fear and let himself, he shall for this time only be seal'd up with feather through his nose, that he may only see Heaven and think whether he's going, nay my beyond Sea ships will proclaim you, you would be King; thou test thy haire apparant to a Church-ale. thou slight Prince of single scarcenet; thou Royall ring-taile fit to fly at a single thing but poor mens Poultreys, and every Boy beat from that too with his bread and butter.

Phar. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds.

Citiz. Shall's geld him Captain? *Capt.* No, you'll spare his dowcets my dear Donsells, as you respect Ladies let them flourish, the causes of a longing woman kills as speedy as a Plague boyes.

Citiz. He have a leg that's certain.

Citiz. I'll have an arm. 3. *Citiz.* I'll have his nose at my own charge, build a Colledge and clapt upon Gate. 4. *Citiz.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit for certainly a royal Gut will sound like Silver.

Citiz. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain ferrets. *Capt.* Who will have parcells els? Speak. *Citiz.* Good Gods consider me I shall be tortured.

Citiz. Captain. I'll give you the trimming of your sword, and let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2. *Citiz.* He had no Horns Sir had he?

Capt. No Sir, he's a pallard, what wouldst thou do Horns? 2. *Citiz.* O if he had, I would have made staves and whistles of 'em, but his vain bones if they sound shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

Long long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*, my Gentlemen, but why are these rude weapons brought abroad to teach your hands uncivil trades?

Capt. We are the royal Rosicreeze, we are the mirrour Guard, thy rourers, and when the Noble body durance, thus do we clap our many murrions on, trace the streets in terror, is it peace thou *Mars* of is the King sociable, and bids thee i.e. Art thou thy foemen and free as Phebus; speak, if not this of Royal blood shall be broach, a tilt and run even the lees of Honour.

Capt. Hold and be satisfied, I am my self, free as my rights are: by the Gods I am.

Capt. Art thou the dainny Darling of the King? art the hylas to our Hercules? doth the Lords bow, and

the regarded Scarlets, kiss their gum'd gobs and cry
are your servants? Is the Court navigable, and the pre-
struck with Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy O
and this man sleeps.

Philaster. I am what I do desire to be your friend,
what I was born to be your Prince.

Pharo. Sir there is some humanity in you, you ha
noble Soul forget my name, and know misery, set me
aboard from these wild camballs, and as I live, I'll
this Land for ever. *Philast.* I do pity your friends
charge your fears, deliver me the Prince.

I. Citiz. Good Sir take heed he does not hurt
he's a fierce man I can tell you Sir. *Capt. Prince* by
leave, I'll have a furlingle, and make you like a ha
• *Philast.* Away, away, there is no danger in him,
he had rather sleep to shake his fit off, good my friend
to your houses and by me have your pardons and my
and for an earnest drink this. *Exit Philast. & Pharo*

All. Long may'st thou live brave Prince, brave P
brave Prince.

Capt. Thou art the King of Courtesies : fall off
my sweet youths, come, and every neace to his hou
gen, and hang his pewter up, then to the Tavern
bring your wives in muffs, we will have Musick, and
red Grape shall makes us dance and rise boys.

Exeunt

Forc'd VALLOUR.

ARGUMENT.

*A Fellow that will never fight but when he is in pains with
his disease is perswaded into one, and then do, Wonder.*

ACTORS NAMES.

*Demetrius the Prince, Leontinus a Colonel, a Lieutenant,
Gentlemen, 2, Physicians.*

Enter Leontinus, and Lieutenant.

Leontinus. Go get the Drums, beat round Lieutenant.

Leont. Hark ye, Sir, I have a foolish business they
will Marryage, *Leon.* after the Wars are done.

Leont. The Party slayes Sir, I have given the Priest his
money too: all my friends Sir, my Father, and my Mo-
ther. *Leon.* Will ye go forward. *Leont.* She brings a
very matter with her.

Leon. Half a dozen Bastards. *Leont.* Some forty Sir.

Leon. A goodly competency. *Leont.* I mean Sir, pounds
years I'll dispatch the matter, 'tis but a night or two;
I'll overtake ye Sir. *Leon.* Where lies the horse quar-
ter? *Leont.* And if it be a Boy, I'll even make bold

Leon. Away with your whore, a plague o' your whore,
unn'd Rogue, now you are cur'd and well; must ye be
tickering? *Leont.* I have broke my mind to my ancient,
my absence, he's a sufficient Gentleman. *Leon.* Get
forward.

Leont. Only receive her portion.

Leon. Get ye forward; els I'll bang ye forward.

Leont. Strange Sir, a Gentleman and an Officer, cannot
have the liberty to do the Office of a Man.

H 4

Leon.

Leon, Shame light on thee, how came this whore in thy head? *Leint*, This whore Sir? 'tis strange, a whole pop's whore. *Leon*, Do not answer me: Troop, troop away; Do not name this whore again, or think thereof. *Leint*, That's very hard Sir. *Enter Leonius and Lieutenant again.*

Leon, Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths 'em. *Leint*, And have my teeth knockt out; I thank ye heartily. *Leon*, what the devil ailes thee? dost long to be hang'd? *Leint*, Faith sir, I make no suit for't: but rather then I would live thus out of charity, continue in brawling. — *Leon*, And wilt thou ne're fight more?

Leint, I'th mind I am in. *Leon*, Nor never be sick again? *Leint*, I hope I shall not.

Leon, Prithee be sick again; prithee, I beseech thee, just so sick again. *Leint*, I'le need't be hang'd first.

Leon, If all the arts that are can make a collique, before look to't, or if impossibilities mark me, as big as footballs. — *Leint*, Deliver me. *Leon*, Or stones of a Pound weight i'th Kidneys, through ease and ugly dysentery may be gather'd; I'le feed ye up my self, I'le prepare all you cannot fight, unless the Devil fears ye, you shall not want provocations, I'le scratch ye, I'le have thee in the Toothach and the Head-ach.

Leint, Good Collonel, I'le do any thing. *Leon*, No, nothing — then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths bellows, because you shall be sure to have a rowl of Gale with ye, fill'd full of Oyle, o'devil, and aquosom and let these work, these may provoke.

Leint, Good Collonel. *Leon*, A coward in full blood prithee be plain with me, will roasting do thee any good? *Leint*, Nor basting neither Sir.

Leon, Marry that goes hard, — do you see that this is there.

Enter two Gentlemen
1. *Gent*, What thing? I see the brave Lieutenant.

Leon

Leon. Rogue what a name hast thou lost? be rul'd yet
he beat thee on; go wink and fight: a plague upon
our Sheeps heart. 2. *Gent.* What's all this matter?

1. *Gent.* Nay I cannot shew ye. *Leon.* There's twenty
found, go but smell to 'em. *Leint.* Alas! fir, I have taken
such a cold I can smell nothing. *Leon.* I can smell a ras-

all a rank rascal; see how he stinks, stinks like a tyred

ade. 1. *Gent.* What fir? *Leon.* Why that fir, do not

you smell him? 2. *Gent.* Smell him. *Leon.* Stinks like

dead Dog, carrion—there's no such damnable smell un-

der heaven as the faint sweat of a coward! Will ye fight

met? *Leint.* Nay, now I defy ye; ye have spoke the

worst ye can of me, and if every man should take what

you say to the heart—*Leon.* God a mercy, God a mercy

with all my heart; here I forgive thee; and fight, or

fight not, do but go along with us and keep my Dog.

Leint. I love a good Dog naturally, 1. *Gent.* What's

all this fir Lieutenant? *Leint.* Nothing Sir, but a sleight

matter of argument. *Leint.* Pox take thee: sure I shall

love this Rogue, he's so pritty a Coward; come play

allow, come, prithee come up; come Chicken, I have

way shall fit ye; a tame knave; come took upon us.

Leint. I'll tell you who does best boys'. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

2. *Gent.* That he is sick again,

Leon. Extremely sick; his disease grown incurable, ne-

er yet found, nor yet touch'd at. 2. *Gent.* Well we have it

and here he comes. *Leon.* The Prince has been upon him

that a flatter face he has now? it takes, believe it; how

like an Ass he looks?

Leint. I feel no great pain, at least I think I do not; yet

feel sensibly I grow extremely faint: how cold I sweat.

how? *Leon.* So, so, so. *Leint.* And now 'tis even too

me, I feel a pricking, a pricking, a strange pricking: how

tingles? and as it were a stick too: the Prince told

me,

ends. *Leon.* He's finely mortified. *Dem.* I see he alterd strangely; and that a pace too, I saw it this morning him, when he poor Man I dare swear—

Leint. No believ't Sir, I never felt it *Dem.* How he swells? 1. *Phis.* The imposthume fed with a new malignant humour now will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible, the compass of a Bushel will not hold it, and with such a hell of torture it will rise too—

Dem. Can you endure me touch it?

Leint. Oh, I beseech you Sir? I feel you sensibly en you come near me. *Dem.* He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no cure else, and suddenly you see how fast he blows out. *Leint.* Good Mr. Doctor, let me behold in to you, I feel I cannot last. *Phis.* For what Leintenant?

Leint. But ev'n for half a dozen cans of good Wine that I may drink my Will out: I faint hideously.

D.w. Fetch him some Wine, and since he must go Gentlemen, why let him take his journey merrily.

Leint. That's even the neerest way. *Dem.* Here of with that. *Leint.* These two I give your Grace, a poor remembrance of a dying man Sir, and I beseech you wear 'em out. *Dem.* I will Souldier, these are fine Legacies. *Leint.* Among the Gentlemen, even all I have left I am a poor man, Naked, yet something for remembrance for a pece Gentlemen, and lay my body where you please. *Leon.* It will work. *Leint.* I make your Grace my executor, and I beseech you see my poor will fulfilled: sure I shall walk else. *Dem.* as full as they can be fill'd here's my hand souldier. *Leint.* I would hear Drum beat but to see how I could endure it.

Dem. Beat, a Drum there there. *a Drum*

Leint. Oh Heavenly musick, I would hear beat with one sing to't, I am very full of pain. *Dem.* Sing? 'tis impossible. *Leint.* Why, then I would drink a Drum full: where lies the enemy? 2. *Genl.* Why, here a close

by. *Leon* Now he begins to muher. *Leint.* And dare ye fight? dare ye fight Gentlemen? *i. Phis.* You must not cut him; he's gone then in a moment, all the hope left, is to work his weakness into sudden anger, and make him raise his passion above his paine, and so dispose him on the Enemy; his body then being stir'd with violence will purge it selfe and break the fore. *Dem.* 'Tis true. *i. Phis.* And then may life for his. *Leint.* I will not die thus. *Dem.* But he is too weak to do —

Leint. Die like a Dog? *i. Phis.* I he's weak but yet he's heart whole. *Lient.* Hem. *Dem.* An excellent signe. *Leint.* Hem. *Dem.* Stronger still, and better.

Leint. Hem, hem; Ran, tan, ran, tan. *Exit Leint Phis.* Now he's 'ich way on't. *Dem.* Well go thy wayes, thou wilt do something certaine.

Leon And some brave thing, or let mine Eares be cut off.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonitus and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I'm sure he's douted; did I not tell you how 'twould take?

i. Gent. 'Tis admirable. *Enter Leintendant with*

Leint. Follow that blow my colours in his hand, perfriends, there's at your Coxcombs, swing 3 or 4. souldiers, I fight to save me from the furgeons miseries.

Leon. How the knave curryes 'em? *Leint.* You can't not Rogues, till you have my diseases, fly my fury, ye bread and butter Rogues, do you run from me? and may side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye, ye porredg-gutted slaves, ye Veal-broth boobies.

Leon. Enough, enough Leintendant, thou hast done bravely.

Enter Demetrius and Phisicians.

Dem. Mirror of man. *Leint.* There's a Flag for ye Sir, I took it out o'th shop, and never paid for't I'll to you again, I am not come to'th text yet.

Dem.

me, and every one cry'd out I was a dead man; I had thought I had been as well. *Leon.* Upon him now boys, and do it most demurely. *Gent.* How now Lieutenant.

Leut. I thank ye Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Life, how looks this man? how dost thou good Lieutenant? *2. Gent.* I ever told ye this man was never eur'd, I see it too plain now; how do you feel yourself? you look not perfect, how dull his eye hangs?

1. Gent. That may be discontent.

2. Gent. Believe me friend I would not suffer now the rithe of those paines this man feels; marke his forehead, what a clowd of cold dew hangs upon't?

Leut. I have it, again I have it; how it growes upon me? a miserable man as I. *Leon.* Ha, ha, ha, a miserable man thou shalt be, this is the tamest trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter two Physicians.

Phys. This way he went. *2. Phys.* Pray heaven we find him living, he's a brave fellow, 'tis pity he should perish thus. *Phys.* A strong hearted man, and of a noble sufferance. *Leut.* Ho, ho, *1. Gent.* how now? how is it man. *Leut.* Oh Gentlemen, never so full of pain.

2. Did I not tell ye?

Leut. Never so full of pain Gentlemen.

1. Phys. He is here; how do ye Sir. *2. Phys.* Be of good comfort Souldier, the Prince has sent us to you.

Leut. Do you think I may live. *1. Phys.* Yes you may live; but.— *Leut.* Finely buttred Doctor.

1. Gent. Do not discourage him. *2. Gent.* Here comes the Prince.

Enter Demetrius.
Dem. How now Gentlemen? *2. Gent.* bewailing Sir, a souldier, and one I *Demetrius* think your Grace will grieve to part with, but every living thing.—

Dem. 'Tis true, must perish, our lives are but our marches to our Graves, how dost thou now Lieutenant?

Leut. Faith 'tis true Sir, we are but spans and candles

ende

Dem. No more my souldier: besfrew my heart he is hart sore. *Leen.* Hang him he'll lick all those whole.

1. Phis. Now will we take him, and care him a trice. *Dem.* Be careful of him. *Leen.* Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me: I never had but two hours yet of happyness; pray ye give me nothing to provoke my Valour, for I am ev'n as weary of this fighting. — *2. Phis.* You shall have nothing; come to the Princes Tent, and there the surgeons presently shall search ye, then to your rest.

Leist. Let us. A Kilde hand some Litter to lay me in, and I shall sleep. *Leen.* Look to him. *Dem.* I do belive a horse begot this fellow, he never knew his strength yet. *Exiunt.*



The Encounter.

ARGUMENT.

A peece of Mock-Knight errantry performed between Ralfe a Grocers Prentice and Barbarossa a Barber.

ACTORS NAMES,

A Citizen and his Wife, Ralfe their Prentice, Knight of the Burning Pestle, a Squire and Dwarffe attending upon the Knight, Barbarossa the Giant, severall Knights-Errent, and distressed Damsells delivered by the Pussiant Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Enter Rose, Squire, and Dwarffe.

RALFE. Oh faint not heart, Susan my Lady deare the Coblers Maid in Milk-street for whose sake, I take these Arms, O let the thought of thee, carry thy Knight through all the adventurous Deeds, and in the honour of thy beauntious selfe, may I destroy this monster Barbarossa, knock

knock Squire upon the Bason, till it break with the first strokes, or till the Giant speak.

Enter Barbarossa.

Wife. O George the Giant, the Giant, now *Rafe* for thy life. *Barbar.* What fond unknowing wight is this that dares, so rudely knock at *Barbarossa's* cell, where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

Rafe. I, Traiterous catife, who am sent by fate to punish all the sad enormities thou hast committed against Ladies gentle, and errant Knights, Traytor to heaven and men: prepare thy self, this is the dismall hour appointed for thee, to give strict account of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Barbar. Fool hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt be this fond reproach thy body will bang, *Takes down his Pole.* and loe upon that string shall hang;

prepare thy self, for dead soon shalt thou be

Rafe Saint George for me

Barbar. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him *Rafe* to him, hold up the Giant, set on thy leg before *Rafe*.

Fight.

Citiz. Falsifie a blow *Rafe*, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies open on the left side. *Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off, kill; there boy, O *Rafe's* almost down, *Rafe's* almost down. *Rafe.* *Susan* inspire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, so *Rafe*, down with him, down with him *Rafe.* *Citiz.* Fetch him over the hip boy.

Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill *Rafe*.

Citiz. No *Rafe* get all out of him first.

Rafe. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods, whom ever prosper those that do despise them, for all the villanies which thou hast done to Knights and Ladies, no man have paid thee home by my *Rafe's* Arme, a Knight adventurous; but say vile wretch before I send thy soul to the avernus, whether it may go, what captives hold'st thou

in thy fable Cave? *Barbar.* Go in and free them all, thou hast the day. *Rafe.* Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful Cave, and free the wretched Prisoners from their bonds. *Barbar.* I crave for mercy, thou art a Knight, and scorn'st to spill *Exit Squire and Dwarf.* the blood of those that beg.

Rafe. Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any, prepare thy selfe for thou shalt surely dye.

Enter Squire leading one winking with a

Bason under his Chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner, whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wisest word I heard the Squire speak. *Rafe.* Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd, that I may give him condigne punishment.

I. Knight. I am a Knight that took my journey post northward from *London*, and in courteous wise, this Giant train'd me to his den, under pretence of killing of the rich and all my body with a powder strew'd, that smarts and stings, and cut away my beard, and my curl'd locks wherein were Ribonds ty'd, and with a water wash my tender eyes, whilst up and down about me still he kept, whose vertue is: that till my eyes be wipt with a dry cloth for this my foul disgrace, I shall not dare to look a Dog i'th face. *Wife.* Alas poor Knight relieve him *Rafe,* relieve poor Knights whilst you live.

Rafe. My trusty Squire convey him to the Town where he may find relief, adue fair Knight. *Ex. Squire & Knight.*

Enter Dwarf leading one with a Patch on his Nose.

Dwarf. Pussant Knight of the Burning Pestle hight, see here a nother wretch, whom this foul beast hath scor'd and scor'd in this inhumane wise.

Rafe. Speak me thy name, and take thy place of birth, and what hath been thy usage in this Cave?

2. Knight. I am a Knight Sir *Pock-hole* is my name, and by

by my birth I am a *Londoner*, free by my Copy, but my Ancestors were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way upon a trotting horse my bones did ake, and I faint Knight to ease my weary limbs, light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend, with sharpest Instrument of pure steel, did cut the Gristle of my Nose away, and in the place this velvet plaiter stands; relieve me gentle Knight of his hands. *Wife*. Good Rafe relieve Sir *Pack-hole* and send him away, for in truth his breath stinks.

Rafe. Convey him straight after the other Knight, Sir *Pack-hole* fare you well.

2. Knight. Kind Sir good night.

Wife. Hark George, what a wofull cry there is I think some Women lyss in there. Rafe. What gaskly noise is this? speak *Barbarella*, or by this blazing steel thy back goes off. *Barbar*. prisoners of mine, whom I in deep, send lower down into the Cave, and in a Tub that heated smoaking hot, there may they find them and deliver them. Rafe. Run Squire and Dwarfse, deliver them with speed.

Wife. But will not Rafe kill the Giant, surely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did. *Cutie*. Not so mouse neither, if he could convert him. I *George*, if he could convert him; but a Giant not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the divine marke about her, God blees us, that had a Giant to her son, that was called *Lob-ly-by*--the fire, didst never hear it *George*. *Cutie*. Peace Nell here comes the prisoner. Enter Squire leading a man with a glass of poison in his hand and the Dwarfse leading a woman with dyet-bread and drink.

Dwarfse. Here be these pined wretches manfull Knight what saye these six weekes have not seen a wigat.

Male. Deliver what you are, and how you came to this sad Cave.

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed arms with Spear and Shield and in my tender years stricken was with *Cupid's* fiery Shaft, and fell in love with this my Lady dear, and stole her from her friends in *Turnbal-street*, and boore her up and down from Town to Town, where we did eat and drink and Musick hear, still at the length, at this unhappy Town,

We did arrive, and coming to this Cave, his beast us caught, and put us in a Tub.

Barbar. Mercy, great Knight, I do recant my ill, and henceforth Gentle-blood will never spill.

Rafe. I give thee mercy, but yet thou shalt swear upon my burning-Pestle, to perform by promise utter'd.

Barbar. I swear and kiss.

Exeunt.

Thy

The Humour of Simpleton.

Argument needless.

It being a Thorough Farce, and every well known.

Actors Names.

*Simpleton the Old, Simpleton the Young, Doll a Wench,
Gentlemen Baauer, Rivals in her Affection.*

Enter Old Simpleton.

Old Sim-**T** ever Dog was weary of his day, then have
pleton. **I** canse to be weary of my Life.

I am a Black-Smith by my Trade, and although I
I have been counted a good Work-man too, but I can
never yet forge or hammer out means enough to sat-
the insatiate gut of my Son *Simpleton* he hath a Stomach
may well defye a Gyant or the great eater of *Kent*, for
I sooner is his head out of the Ale, but his nose is in
Cupboard. But I have thought upon a course, which
shall either take in hand, or grafe with Hob my Hon-
Sirrah *Simpleton* where are you.

Young Simpleton within. Here, here Father.

O. Simpl. Where, where, Sirrah?

T. Simpl. At the Cupboard, Father; at the Cupboard.

O. Simpl. I thought as much, but come ypn hither, Sir-
rah, or I shall make your Ears sing Prick-song for you.

*Enter Young Simpleton with a great peice of
Bread and Butter.*

T. Simpl. Tis a miserable condition that a man can
eat a little bit for his Afternoons Lunchin, but he must
disturbed in the best of his Stomach.

O. Simpl. A bit! dost thou call it? O my Conscience
this devouring Rascal, old as I am, would eat me if
found me in the Cupboard.

T. Simpl. I do not think there is such a genteel Smith
in the Town, that hath such an old niggardly Coxcom

his Father as I: he knows I have no better a Stomach than a young Green-sickness Girl, and yet he grutches at every bit I eat.

O. Simpl. Leave off your muttering, and lend me an ear a while.

T. Simpl. Truly I cannot spare one, Father: yet now I think on't, you have great occasion for one ever since the last Pillory-day; but since you are my Father, I will be chaste to listen a while.

O. Simpl. You know that I am old.

T. Simpl. The more's the pity that you were not mangled while you were young.

O. Simpl. Thou hast drunk most of my Means away. *T.* I'll eat out the rest.

O. Simpl. Leave your ill breeding, and give me sensibly a Reason why you will not work.

T. Simpl. Because I am lazie, Father.

O. Simpl. Nay that's true.

T. Simpl. Taue? why, do you think I would be so unmanually to tell you a Lye, Father?

O. Simpl. How I shall maintain that coming stomach of yours, unless your self endeavour for it, I know not; but if thou wilt be ruled, I'll make thee a Man.

T. Simpl. A Man! why what am I now, a Mouse? what would you make of me?

O. Simpl. An Ass, an Ass, a gross Ass.

T. Simpl. You may well make me a gross Ass, you have so good a pattern.

O. Simpl. Listen to me: you know the Widows Daughter at the Corner, sweet Mistress Dorothy; she's both young and handsome, and has money too.

T. Simpl. I, and that will help to buy victuals.

O. Simpl. Go and woo her, and I dare lay my Life thou carriest her.

T. Simpl. I carry her, Father? Alas? I have but a weak

werk back, and besides I am somewhat lazily given you say: it were a great deal better that she would care.

O. *Sim.* Thou hast no more wit then my Hammer has, and no more brains then an Anvil, which every one may strike on, but never move it: Go, take your dle, at that they say you are excellent; and when thanks then from her Chamber-window, say thou art son, and that I sent thee about the thing she wots of.

Y. *Sim.* O man! I bumsiddle her under her Chamber-window? Well, I will go wash my hands and starch my face, because I may be sure to go cleanly about my business.

Exit.

Enter Young Simpleton with a Viol.

Y. *Simpl.* Now must I go play an *Alampadoe* under Miss *Dorothy's* Chamber-window, and all that time perhaps she is a snorting: for to say the truth, my Musick will hardly have the vertue to waken her, and if I should wake, I could not tell what to say to her unless were to desire her to go to bed again. And because I will be sure to be acceptable to her, I will joyn my Nightingale voice thereunto.

Enter the first Gentleman.

Gent. What slave is this presumes to court my Mistress? Could I but see him, I would satiffie my anger with the ruine of his Limbs, but he is gone and I loose time seeking.

Y. *Simpl.* That was a roaring Rogue, he has made me Heare jump upright into my mouth, and if I had not been it fast with my Teeth, without doubt I had forsaken my body; but he is gone, and now I will venture forward.

Enter the second Gentleman.

2 Gent. I heard some Musick at my Sweet-hearts window: could I but find him, I would cut him, and so

an till his whole body were anatomiz'd, but he is gone,
and it was his wisest course.

Exit

R. Simpl. That roaring Rogue was far worse than the
other, he has almost frighten'd my Song out of my head.
Oh! we true and faithful Lovers, what perils and dan-
gers must we undergo, to gain the wills and affections of
our dearest dears? but now to my Musick, and because she
shall take a great pleasure to think on it, I will sing a song
of a young VVench that had a great mind to be married
before her time.

Sings.

Oh! Mother let me have a Husband kind,
with toire, loitre, loitre, lurry.
That day and night I may comfort find
of a toire, &c.

I care not whether honest man or Knave
so that he keep me fine and brave,
And that none else but I may have
his toire, &c.

Oh Daughter you are not old enough,
for a toire, &c.
And Husbands often do prove rough,
with a toire, &c.

Your tender heart no grief can carry
as they must do sometimes that marry,
You yet may well a twelvemonth carry
for a toire, &c.

Oh Mother I am in my teens
for a toire, &c.
And younger Wives are often seen,
with a toire, &c.

*I pray let me not so idle stand,
for I can do as well as any can.*

*I have had a proof with John our Man
of his toire, &c.*

Well, if she does not run mad for me now, it is possible she should have Musick under her Window as long she lives.

Doll. Oh is it you? I thought none but a Puppy like your self, would have disturb'd the Neighbours with your Gridiron-musick; a Saw were far more pleasing.

T. Simpl. Forsooth I am very sorry that you have better skill in Musick; in my Opinion I sung most melodiously: but if you will be pleased to look with Eyes judgement upon me, you will express your love in better manner to me.

Doll. I shall express my love, if you continue here, a far worse manner then you think for. Do you think this Chamber-pot? it longs to be acquainted with the brainless head of yours: therefore be gone, and save yourself a washing.

T. Simpl. If you should wash me, I think it would but labour in vain; yet if you please to distil any of your sweet water upon me, I shall desire to be smelt out by you.

Doll. You Ass, you Puppy; must you needs force drowning?

T. Simpl. is this the beginning of love? it is as bad as the Proverb to me stay, it may be it is Rotten water. Voh, it is as rank Urine as ever any Doctor could give me. I'll call this same Old *Simpleton* my Father that set me about this business. Oh, Father *Simpleton*, where are you?

O, Simpl. Oh my Lon, how hast thou sped, Boy?

T. Simpl. O! I have sped most abominably, Father I got a great deal more then I expected.

O, S

O. *Simpl.* Oh my own natural Boy!

Y. *Simpl.* I, natural, to be sure, I had ne'er come here

O. *Simpl.* But how did she relish thee?

Y. *Simpl.* Why she relish'd me with a whole Chamber-pot full of water.

Simpl. Why thou Ass, thou Puppy, thou Fool, thou Coxcomb.

Y. *Simpl.* Why? how can I help it? why did you take me so like a Fool?

Simpl. Come, shew me to her, and you shall see how I will handle her.

Y. *Simpl.* Fy, Father, I should be leath to marry, after you have had the handling of her.

O. *Simpl.* This is her Chamber, is it not?

Y. *Simpl.* Yrs: I know it by a good token; for here she opened the Sluce, and let the Flood-gates out upon

O. *Simpl.* Mistress Dorothy, Mistress Dorothy, pray come to the window.

Y. *Simpl.* Pray to the, window Mistress Dorothy.

O. *Simpl.* Sirrah, hold your tongue.

Doll. What again? sure this whole morning is nothing but my trouble: what Wise-aker is that now?

Y. *Simpl.* She calls you Wise-aker: speak now.

O. *Simpl.* I am your Neighbour Old Simpleton the Smith.

Y. *Simpl.* And I Young Simpleton the Smith.

Doll. Oh Neighbour, is it you? Here was your Son at now, and he kept a worse noise upon a Bear-baiting; that you are civil, I will come down to you.

O. *Simpl.* Look you there, Sirrah; she will come down to me, she says.

Y. *Simpl.* I, by that time I have been a Courtier as long as you have been, one woman or other may come

down to me,

I 4

Enter

Enter Doll.

Doll. Good morrow; Neighbour, what is your business, pray?

O. Simpl. Why it is this: this is my Son. Nay, my Son i'll assure you.

T. Simpl. Yes forsooth, he is sure I am his Son, my father told him so.

Doll. Now I look better on him, he seems to me handsome then before, your company seasons him with discretion, but what's your business, pray Sir?

O. Simpl. Why, if you please forsooth, I would joyn you two together in the way of Matrimony.

T. Simpl. Yes forsooth, to mock a marriage.

Doll. but hold. Sir, two words to a bargain, what profession is your Son of.

Y. Simpl. Forsooth I am a Blacksmith, and though I say it, I have as good Working-gear as any Smith in the Parish, all my Neighbours wives shall be my witnesses.

O. Simpl. Sirrah, hold your tongue.

T. Simpl. Why, shall I come a wooing, and say nothing for my self,

Doll. But what Estate, I pray, has your Son in possession?

Y. Simpl. Father, what Estate have I in a posset.

O. Simpl. Forsooth two Cowes you shall have with you him.

T. Simpl. With a Calf to my knowledge,

O. Simpl. Four Ewes and Lambs; and a horse to ride on to market on.

T. Simpl. Yes, and an A—— No; now I think on it, you may keep your ass, your self.

O. Simpl. Four Mark in money.

T. Simpl. Do you mark that.

O. Simpl. With a Bed and blankets.

T. Simpl. And then we may daunce the Shaking of Sheets when we can,

Doll. These promises are fair, and if performed, I hope I shall not need repent my bargain.

Y. Simpl. Not I neither: Come, let's to bed presently, and afterwards we'll talk on it.

Doll. No, no, first to Church and then to bed.

Y. Simpl. Oh! then you won't follow the fashion of our Country; we commonly go to bed first, and to Church when we can, but come I am contented.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

Exeunt.

1. Gent. What should this mean? *Doll* has a Hat on she did not use to wear one.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Oh Gentlemen; though I desire your company, yet now I could heartily wish your absence.

1 Gent. Why, what's the matter *Doll*?

Doll. I am married.

2 Gent. To whom?

Doll. Do you not know him? *Young Simpleton the Smith.*

1 Gent. That Fool, that Coxcomb; I'll break his hammer with his own jolt-head.

Doll. Stand close, I hear him coming.

Enter Young Simpleton.

Y. Simpl. Sweet-heart, now we are married, things ought to be well carried, and the first thing we should be care for, is how to get Victuals. What's that?

They whistle

Doll. Nothing but the Rats and Mice.

Y. Simpl. as sure as I live, I'll lay a trap for those Rats at what's the matter now.

Doll. Nothing but the Neighbour's dogs.

Y. Simpl. 'Tis a thousand pitties but such Curs were hang'd up presently.

Exit Simpl.

Doll. Oh Gentlemen, I would you were out of the house, for I am afraid he will return again ere I can handsomely shut the door.

Y. Simpl.

T. Simpl. within. Why Doll, Doll!

Doll. Come ye behind me presently; I pray dispatch.
Enter Young Simpleton.

T. Simpl. Doll, I have considered, that to set up a Trade is the way to get Victuals; and I want nothing but my tools, but only a pair of Bellows.

Doll. Fear not, Husband, I have a little money that you know not of; and if I can but hear of a good bargain I will not fail to buy a pair of Bellows.

T. Simpl. Oh thou pretty loving kind Pigsnie! What makes thee wear thy Coats of that fashion,

She spreads her Coats.

Doll. Do not you know, Husband, it is the fashion of new married Wives.

T. Simpl. Is it so; it is an excellent fashion in the Summer-time: but I'll go out, and return presently.

Exit T. Simpl.

Doll. What will you do? 'tis tent to one he spies you and then my reputation runs a hazard.

I Gent. Appoint what way you will, we are contented.

Doll. I see him coming back, and truth to say, I course I shall advise, will seem a strange one, yet it may be: you know he did appoint that I should buy for him a pair of Cellows, now if you two can bett it lustily, and blow it strongly, this visit may be kept off from his knowledge.

I Gent. Nay any thing, good Doll, we cannot now chuse.

Doll. So, lie down, I'll fetch a Chafingdish of Charcoal hither, and practice you a while before he come.

Exit D.

I Gent. I have plaid many a mad prank in my Life, ne're till now acted a pair of Bellows.

Enter Doll.

Doll. So, so, blow lustily and fear not.

Enter Young Simpleton.

Y. Simpl. VVife, I have considered with my self, that
to lay out all the money in a pair of Bellows, we should
in little or nothing left to buy VVetuals.

Doll. Oh Husband you are deceived; for I have
bought you a pair of Bellows, the whole Town shews not
enter.

Y. Simpl. Is this a pair of Bellows? let me see, this is
a *lo-mada* pair of Bellows. But look you, Doll, when
the Bellows-mender comes by, let him stop this hole here;
the wind comes out abominably. I'll call my Fa-
ther Simpleton to see this pair of Bellows. Father, father,
come hither.

Enter Old Simpleton.

Y. Simpl. Did you ever see such a pair of Bellows as my
wife has bought?

O. Simpl. A pair a Bellows, Son! Me-thinks this
would serve better for an Anvil: Let's try how it will
bear our froaks.

Y. Simpl. VVell, a match.

Exeunt.

The Humour of Bumpkin.

Argument needless.

It being a Shew Farce very well known.

Actors Names.

Alceon, three Huntsmen, Bumpkin, three Country Wives.

Enter first Huntsman, and Bumpkin.

1 Hunt. **W**hy, whats the matter?

Bumpkin. Nay, I know not: but today my great Guts and my small Guts make such a Commotion in my belly as passes, and my Puddings (Lances) run as tile at my heart, and make me as queasomacht as a young Green-sickness Girl newly come big-belly.

1 Hunt. Canst thou not guess the reason of this trouble?

Bump. Yes, I think I can, and I'll be judged by it if my case be not desperate, I have a horrible malady to be in love.

1 Hunt. With whom?

Bump. With any body; but I cannot find out the way how to be in Love.

1 Hunt. Why? I'll instruct thee: Canst thou melancholly.

Bump. Yes, as a Dog, or a Hog-louse, I could find in my heart to cry presently.

Hunt. Canst thou sleep well.

Bump. I cannot tell, I never saw my self sleep.

Hunt. I't possible that thou who hast so long been attendant upon my Lord *Acton*, shouldst be to learn away to be in love,

Bump. I would, it were not possible, on the condition you wert hanged and quartered.

Hunt. I thank you; Sir. But *Bumpkin*, list to me; I say thou know'st the Maids and Young-men meet sport, and revel it about the May-pole;

present thy self there & tell thy cause of grief;

I'll dare warrant thee a Sweet-heart presently,

Bump. If thou canst do that, I'll marry her first, and then to love her afterwards,

Hunt. Hast thither, *Bumpkin*, I'll go on before.

Exit.

Bump. And I will follow thee a dog-trot.

I am not pitty; that a man of Authority as I am, having been a chief Dog-keeper to my Lord *Acton* this five years, being a man so comely of person, and having such a pure complexion, that all fair Ladies may be ashamed to look on me, and that I should be distressed for a Sweet-heart? May-pole, I come,

and if the *VVenches* there encrease my pains and scorn to love, I'll beat out all their brains. *Exit.*

Enter Huntsmen with three Country VVenches.

Co. VVench. Is it possible would *Bumpkin* be in love?

Hunt. Yes, if he knew but how, and for that sickness we undertaken to become his Doctor:

at the May-pole-meeting 'tis decreed,

Sweet-heart must be purchast, come what will on't.

Co. Wench. Nay, if he be distressed, twenty to one may find charitable persons there,

Come, strike up a Farewel to Misfortune.

Enter

Enter Bumpkin.

Bump. That is a Dance that I could never hit off: desist a while, and hear my doleful Tale.

1. *Co. Wench.* He'll make us cry sure.

Bump. Be it known unto all men by these presents

2. *Co. Wench.* An Obligation, we will be no witness

Bump. Why then I'll hang my self.

3. *Co. Wench.* We will be witnesses then.

Bump. What to my hanging? O my Conscience I should woo my heart out, I should never be the cause for it, — Where's your promise now.

1. *Aunt.* You have not yet express'd your self; be it tell them your grief a remedy will follow.

Bump. If that be all, 'tis an easie matter, pray notice that I am in love — with some body.

2. *Co. Wench.* Would I were she;

Bump. Why, so you are, if you have a mind to it;

2. *Co. Wench.* Why then you are my own.

3. *Co. Wench.* Pardon me, Sister, I bespake him yesterday. *They all bang about*

Bump. Yes marry did she. *Goes*

1. *Co. Wench.* But I was she that won him at the pole.

2. *Co. Wench.* Was that the cause you strove so for? *Goes*

Bump. What's that to you.

Would I had any of them in quietness.

3. *Co. Wench.* But yet I must have share.

1. *Co. Wench.* So must I too. *All part*

2. *Co. Wench.* I will not part without the better

Bump. Then who shall have me whole? what are you mad?

3. *Co. Wench.* There's reason for a madness in case.

1. *Co. Wench.* I will not loose my right; Let go

2. *Co. Wench.*

Co. VVench. He shall be mine, or else he shall be
 thing.

Bumpkin.

way you burrs, why do you stich thus on me?
 ow by this hand, if nothing can perfwade you,
 I'll drown my self for spight, that you may perish.

(*Horn.*)

1 Hunt. Hark, herk, my Lord *Acleon* warning-peice,
 hat *Horn* gives us intelligence he does intend
 spend this day in hunting: *Bumpkin*, why stay you?
 hounds will quarrel with you: we'll come after.

1 Co. Wench. Will you not stay, my Love?
Bump. I'll see you hang'd first, and by this hand, ere I
 be in love again, I will feed my hounds with my own
 oper carcase.

2 Co. Wench. Now he is gone our dancing may go
 ward.

2 Hunt. My Lord *Acleon* stays; be quick: I pray

3 Co. Wench. Quick as you will, the doing of it quick,
 as it shew the better.

A Country Dance

Then Exeunt.

Enter Acleon and Bumpkin.

Acleon. Be nimble, Sirrah.

Bump. Nimble: yes, as a bear that hath been lug'd to
 pose: if Love be such a troublesome Companion I will
 treat him to keep out of my company.

Acleon. We consume the day.

Bump. They have saved me a labour.

Acleon. Fie, what mean you? glory of the day calls us to action.

1 Hunt. Sir, you may please to know, that yesternight
 edged a boar within the neighbouring Forrest.

Bump. Zes, Sir, and I lodged a Fox at a house hard by.

The

The Humours of Simpkin.

A continued Farce.

ACTORS NAMES.

Simpkin, a Clown: Bluster, a Roarer: an old Man,

Wife: a Servant.

Enter the Wife, Simpkin following.

Wife. **B**lind Cupid hath made my heart for to bleed
Fa la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Simp. But I know a man can help you at need:

With a fa la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Wife. My husband he often a hunting goes out:

Fa la, &c.

Simp. And brings home a great pair of horns; there;

With a fa la, &c.

Wife. How is't, Monsieur *Simpkin*? why are you so

Fa la, &c.

Simp. I am up to the ears in love, and it makes me

With a fa la, &c.

I am vext, I am tortur'd, and troubled at heart:

Fa la, &c.

Wife. But I'll try my skill to take off your smart;

With a fa la, &c.

And on that condition I give you a kiss:

Fa la, &c.

Simp. But what says your husband when he hears of

With a fa la, &c.

Wife. You know my affections, and no one knows more
Fa, la, la, &c.

Knocks within,

Simp. 'Uds niggers noggers who knocks at the door?
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Enter Servant.

The Tune altered.

Serv. There is a Royfter at the Door,
he seems a fellow stout.

Simp. I do beseech you, worthy Friend,
which is the back way out?

Serv. He swears and tears he will come in,
and nothing shall him binder.

Simp. I fear he'll strip me out my skin,
and burn it into Tinder.

Wife. I have consider'd of a way,
and 'twill be sure the best.

Simp. What may it be, my dearest Dear?

Wife. Creep into this same Chest. *A Chest set out.*

And though he roar, speak you no word,
if you'll preserve my favour.

Simp. Shut to the Chest I pray with speed,
for something has some favour.

Enter Bluffer.

Bluff. I never shall be quiet if
she use me in this fashion.

Wife. I am here to bid you welcome;
what mean you by this passion?

Bluff. VVith some young sweet-fac'd fellow
I thought gone out you were.

Simp *in the Chest*. No sooth, the sweet-fac'd fellow
is kept a Prisoner here.

Bluff. VVhere is the Fool thy Husband?
say whit her is he gone?

Wife. The VVittal is a hunting.

Bluff. Then we two are alone.

But should he come, and find me here,

What might the Cuckold think?

Perhaps he'd call the Neighbours in,

Simp. And beat you till you Rink.

Bluff. Yet in the bloody VVar full oft
my Courage I did try.

Wife. I know you have kill'd many a man.

Simp. You lie, you Slut, you lie.

Bluff. I never came before a Foë,

By night nor yet by day,

But that I stoutly rous'd my self,

Simp. And nimbly ran away.

Bluff. Within this Chest I'll hide my self,
if he should chance to come.

Wife. O no, my Love, that cannot be.

Simp. I have bespoken the room.

Wife. I have a place behind here,
which yet is known to no man.

Simp. She has a place before too,
but that to all is common.

Old Man. Wife, wherefore is the door thus barr'd?

what mean you pray, by this?

Wife. Alas, it is my Husband.

Simp. I laugh now till I piss.

Bluff. Open the Chest, I'll into it,
my Life else it may cost.

Wife. Alas, I cannot open it.

Simp. I believe the Key is lost.

Wife. I have brought my self
upon a dainty trick.

Bluff. What may it be, my dearest Love?

I prethee now be quick.

Wife. You must say that your Enemy
into this house is fled,

And that your heart can take no rest
until that he be dead.

Draw quickly out your furious Blade,
and seem to make a strife:

wear all th' excuses can be made,
shall not preserve his life.

say that the Rogue is fled in here,
that stole away your Coin;

and it I'll not deliver him,
you'll have as much of mine.

Wife. Here's no man but my self,
on whom shall I complain?

Wife. This great fool does not understand,
this thing you must but feign:

My Husband thus must be deceiv'd,
and afterwards we'll laugh.

Enter Old Man.

Old Man. VVife, since you will not ope the Door,
I'll break't ope with my staff.

Wife. Good woman shew me to the Slave,
his Limbs I strait will tear.

Wife. By all the honesty I have,
there's no man came in here.

Wife. VVhen I have fought to purchase wealth,
and with my blood did win it,

this Rogue has got my Purse by stealth;
Simp. But never a penny in it.

Old Man. She's big with Child, therefore take heed
you do not fright my VVife.

Wife. But know you who the Father is?
Simp. The Roarer on my life.

Old Man. She knows not of your Enemy,
then get you gone you were best.

Wife. Peace, Husband, peace; I tell you true
I have hid him in the Chest.

Old Man. I am glad on't at my heart,
but do not tell him so.

Wife. I would not for a thousand pound
the Roarer should it know,
Bluff. When next we meet, his life is gone,
no other can't he hope;

I'll kill him whatso'er comes on't.

Simp. Pray think upon a Rope,

Old Man. VVhat kind of person is it then,
that in the chest doth lie?

Wife. A goodly handsome sweet young man;
as ere was seen with eye.

Old Man. Then let us both intreat of him ———

Pray put us not in fear:

VVe do beseech you go from hence.

Bluff. But to morrow i'll be here

Old Man. Wife, run with all the speed you can,
and quickly shut the door;

I would not that the roaring Man.

Should come in any more.

Mean time I will release the youth,

and tell him how we have sped ———

Be comforted my honest friend.

Simp. Alas, i'm almost dead.

My heart is tortur'd in my breast,

with sorrow, fear and pain.

Old Man. I'll fetch some *Aqua vite*,

to comfort you again.

Simp. And 'cause I will requite you,

whose love doth so excel,

I'll graft a pair of horns on your head,

that may defend it well.

Wife. Good husband, let the man stay here,

'tis dangerous in the street.

Old Man. I would not for a Crown of Gold

the Roarer should him meet.

For shon'd he come by any harm,

they'd say the fault were mine.

Exit. Bluff.

Simpkin comes for

Wife to Simp. There's half a crown, pray send him out to fetch a quart of wine.

Simp. There's money for you, sir, —
pray fetch a quart of Sack.

Old Man. 'Tis well, 'tis well, my honest friend,
't'll see you shall not lack.

Wife. But if he should dishonest me,
for there are such slippery men.

Old Man. Then he gets not of his half crown,
one penny back agen.

Simp. Thy husband being gone, my Love,
we'll sing, we'll dance and laugh:

I am sure he's a good fellow,
and takes delight to quaff.

Wife. I've told thee in my arms, my Love,
No matter for his listning.

The old man and his servant listene.
Simp. Gentlemen, some forty weeks hence
you may come to a Christning.

Old Man. O firrah, have I caught you?
now do the best you can;

Your School-master ne'er taught you
to wrong an honest man,

Simp. Good sir, I never went to school,
then why am I abused?

The truth is, I am but a Fool,
and like a Fool am used.

Old Man. Yes firrah you had wit enough
to think to Cuckold me,

Wife. I jested with him, husband,
his knavery to see.

Simp. But now you talk of knavery.

I pray where is my sack?

Old Man. You shall want it in your belly, sir,
and have it on your back. *Exeunt.*

The Humour of Hobbinal.

Argument is needless,
Only the Drollery taken out.

Actors Names.

Hobbinal, Dorilas, Strephon, Oenone, & two or three Nymphs.

Enter Dorilas, Strephon, *Spying Hobbinal reading.*

Dor.

That Paper is that he ruminates upon
Let us observe a little.

WHob. 'Tis a strange thing I find
my self out every day more than
other to be one of the understanding'st, sweetest, nearest
and compleatest shepherds that ever took Hook in hand.
The other day I saw my face in a pail of water, and I had
much ado to forbear drowning of my self. 'Tis no wonder
then that the beautiful Nymph Oenone makes much of me,
and lets all the other shepherds shake their ears like Asse
and the truth is, if I can find never a handsomer, she shall
serve the turn. This was her Birth-day, she being born
in the year — one thousand six hundred, — nay hold
a little: but on this day of the month it was, VVinter or
Summer, in the honour of which we all keep holiday:
and therefore for the credit of her beauty, and the honour
of my own Poetry, I have made such a Copy of Verses on
her, as will make her a thousand times handsomer than
ever she was in her life.

I will peruse them now with the eyes of understanding.
He holds.

O Enone fair, whose Beauty does enrich us,
Tell me the cause why thou dost so bewitch us.
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten;
This day I'll think on when thou'rt dead and rotten.
And though thy coynefs and thy pretty scorn,
Makes many wish that thou hadst ne'er been born;
Yet for my own part, this I'll swear and say,
I wish thy time of Birth were every day.

If she do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity she should have Verses made on her as long as the lives!

Strepb. Let's interrupt him. — Hobbinol, well met.

Hob. It may be so.

Dor. But why so strange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow-shepherds.

Hob. You were once: but now I command you to know, I am a Master-shepherd, for the fair Nymph Oenone, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Master and Mistress.

Strepb. In part 'tis true: yet if you well consider, she makes you but her sport, no otherwise.

Hob. If she makes me her sport, 'tis more than ever she can make of thee: for thou art one of the fewest that look follows that ever crept out of a Vinegar-bottle.

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the fairest Idae ever nourish.

Hob. Now will I see who is the most deserving shepherd in all the Vale of Idae. — Little Rogue, how dost thou?

Oenone O Hobbinol, you are welcome; I thought you had forgot me: you are my sport, and should be ever near me.

Hob. Look you there, I am her sport, she says: will she give any of you such an honourable Title? *Sport*, I do not think but thou art a Conjuror, a Witch, or a Devil at least; for thou hast infused such combustion of Poetry in my head, that I fear I shall never be my own man again, nor my Master's neither. There's a Copy of Verses, read'em: nay, they are my own, as sure as my name's *Hobbinal*.

Oenone. I thank you, *Sport*: i'll study a requital.

Der. Honour me with your fair hand, Nymph, that may lead the way to all those pastimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honour is to me, and I accept it.

Hob. I'd laugh at that: no, *Sport*, i'll dance with the my self.

Oenone. Some other time by chance I may beat leisure. *Hob.* Will you not? Well, by this hand then I stand out, and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong.

A Dance.
Pshaw waw, this dancing is like my Mothers Mares trot *Sport*, shall I shew thee a Dance of my own fashion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hob. Nay, I know that: hark hither, Lads. *Ex. Hob. See*

Hobbinal and the shepherds dance a Morris.

Hob. How like you this *Sport*?

Oenone. Beyond expression, *Sport*: I see your Vertues were concealed too long.

Hob. I, so they were; but I meant to shew them every day as fast as I can. But firrah, *Sport*; yonder's god Pan with a company of the bravest Satyrs that ever wore horns; on their heads: come shepherds, let's go make them drunk, and saw off all their horns.

Exeunt

The Humour of John Swabber.

Argument is needless,
It being an ancient Farce, and generally known.

Actors Names.

Francisco and Gerrard, John Swabber, Cutbeard a Barber,
Parnel, Swabber's Wife, and two or three Neighbours
Wives.

Enter Francisco and Gerrard.

Franc. **H**ere about I am to meet this Hercules; and see,
he's come.

Enter John Swabber, armed with several
ridiculous Weapons.

Well, John, I see you are prepar'd for murder: have
mercy on the Barber, I say.

Swab. No, I scorn it; I will have no mercy: He has
made a whore of a wondrous honest woman; and a
Duckold of one, that for ought I know, might have been
a Courtier. For which abominable deed, I scorn to shew
myself a Christian; for I do mean to use him worse than
any Jew would.

Fran. Nay, but consider, he's a man however, and
you can boast your self to be no more, although you have
the spirit of a Giant: you have brought weapons here,
as if you meant to kill him twenty times. Troth 'tis too
much.

Swab. If I bate him an Ace of forty, call me Cox-

comb: I will draw his teeth one by one, with an instrument called a pair of Tonges, then let him bleed in his right vein, and bid the Devil take him at his own peril.

Fran. Let me prevail with thee to calme thy rage, take acquaintance of this Gentleman, a worthy friend mine.

Swab. Do you long to be acquainted with me, Sir?

Ger. By any means, Sir.

Swab. 'Tis granted then: I'll toss a Can or a Pot with you as soon as I have dispatch'd this bawcy Barber: when he were dead, that my business might be over.

Ger. What's your profession, Sir? and how may I call you.

Swab. I am a Sea-man, Sir; my name's *John Swabber*: — an Officer of the Ship, Sir.

Ger. I cry you mercy Sir.

Swab. Nay, never cry for the matter. — But I forgot this Barber all this while. Barber, come for me, or by the beard of my great Grandfather, I swear, I will so shushado, mashado, pashado, and carbinado thee, that thou shalt look like a Gallinascy all the dayes of thy life. Come forth, I say.

Cutbeard within. Why Neighbour Swabber, who provokes you thus; what do you mean? who has offended you?

Swab. O slave of all slaves! who has offended me, why thou base, beastly, bo'rous babylonian, bawfac'd Barber, thou hast: thou hast made me sit to the cud with Oxen, climb the mountains with wild Goats, and keep company with none but Ram-headed people, for which I will yet rise up on the next Sign-post, and there thou shalt hang a twelvemonth and a day alive, for an example to all such notable sinners; if thou comest and submittest to my mercy, I will do it thee favour to let thee hang till thou be dead.

Ger. Francisco, hark:—I'll pawn my Life this fellow a rank Coward: keep you his fury up, and i'll persuade be Bred to a greater vein of roaring than ere was praised by a snout-blade: i'll make him at last seem valiant; fear not.

Fran. Do, if it be possible; i'll hold him in discount, But *Mr. Swabber*, what think you if he does compound with you? will you be won to take an arm or two, or both legs, and save his other members?

Swab. Pish, tell not me, 'tis neither his arms nor his legs that I stand upon; he has caused me to go in danger of my Life: for the other day I had an occasion to pass by a worsted Gentleman's pack of hounds, they no longer looked upon my forehead, but they came at me in a full cry; and I for fear lest such a scent be behind me, that they came after me as perfectly by it, as if I had been a Stag; and if I had not got shelter of a house, without doubt I had been presented to some great man or Viscount, and my Hanthes had been baked by this time.

Fran. You were in danger there, I must confess.

Swab. And the Butchers Dogs still take me for a Bull, and fetch such courses at me; and all this the Barber is the cause of.

Fran. I would revenge it: were I as you, he should not have a tool left him to work with.

Swab. No, nor to play with neither: I will have an anvil of every tool he has.—Barber, come forth, and let me kill thee upon fair terms; or else I will enter thy house by force, pitch thee down the stairs, and send thee of an errand headlong: and if thou dost submit to my mercy, I will shave thee to death with thy own Razor, therefore take heed.—So, now let him come if he dare.

Enter Gerard.

Ger. VVell, now I see there is no hope to appease him:

him : blood must ensue, and Death will take its course.
Swab. Wich whom ? what's the matter ?

Ger. The Barber is preparing for the combat : he took his Pole to serve him for a lance, and one of his sons for a Buckler, and vows to make you the wind-whist he plays *Don Quixot* against you furiously.

Swab. A wind-mill ! ——— I'll be gone.

Fran. You will not offer that sure : What afraid ?

Swab. Would it not make any one tremble with thought on't, first to be made a Cuckold, then a Wind-mill ? No, I will be gone, and come agent to kill him who I can find him in a better humour.

Fran. Consider what you do ; he'll call you *Comproclaim* you Cuckold still in every Alehouse ; and what disgrace will that be ?

Swab. I care not : 'tis better be a Cuckold than a Wind-mill. If he had meant to make a Fool, a Puppy, or a S of me, or any such Christian-like Creature, 'twere no other matter : but to be made a wind-mill of, and not to be respected but when the wind blows, is not to be endured : therefore let him make wind-mills of my weapon if he will ; for my own part I will defend my self with heels.

Ger. Come, I have brought him to a better temper : will come armed with nothing but a Razor : with which if he does slit your weazand-Pipe, it will not be amiss take it patiently.

Swab. Let him not spoil my drinking, and I care not but bark you, if you should let him hurt me, I should as angry as a Tygre.

Enter Cusbeard with a Razor.

Cus. Where is this Slave that has provok'd my anger to his destruction ? I will swinge this Boor, then bring him up for Bacon in my Chimney, and send him to be broiled for *Plato's* breakfast.

Swab. VWhy this is worse than to be made a wind-mill. Do you hear sir? if ever you had the fit of an Ague upon you, or ever knew the trembling of a man troubled in conscience, that would be loth to die till he had made men with all the world, consider me. Alas sir, I have my rent to pay yet, and if I should be sent to Hell of an Errand, they'll like my company so well, I should never come back agen: Pray perswade him to send me to *Jerusalem*, *Stribe*, or any of those places nearer hand.

Fran. VWhy, canst thou not excuse thy self? where's thy brains?

Swab. Alas, my Brains are fallen into my Breeches; but if you'll stand between me and harm, I'll venture to reconcile my self to him.—*Cut.*—
Swab. *Cutbeard*, didst not thou think I was in earnest all this while?

Car. VWhatever thou wert, thou shalt be nothing presently: Death waits for thee: come quickly, I command thee.

Swab. Sir, pray perswade Mr. *Death* to have patience for a matter of forty or fifty years more: for I have a great deal of business to do in this world yet.

Cut. Shall I be dallied with? Let me approach him: for all the intreaties of the world shall not preserve him past six minutes.

Swab. One minute is past already,—and there's two.
Fran. Nay, prethee *Cutbeard* be more merciful.

Swab. Three—four—five.

Gerrard. VWill no intreaty serve? Then take your course.

Swab. Six. O now I am gone.

Cut. If he submit, he may live: let him know it—
Dost thou acknowledge thy own Cowardize and my Heroick Valour?

Swab. O mighty *Hercules*, I confess my self a *Pigmy*,
and

and I will never think otherwise while I live; these Clemen be my witnesses,

Ger. VVhy then all is well agen.—Remember, *Cut.*

Cut. I'll spice him, fear not——Give me thy hand. Thus do I grasp thy friendship.

Swab. He grasps my hand devil! so hard tho,

Cut. I here pronounce thy wife to be a *Venus*.

Swab. O rare! is my wife a *Venus*? That's more than ever I knew before: why then I will be her husband *Cupid*.

Fran. No, *Cupid* was her Son.

Swab. 'Tis no matter for that, he shall be her husband for once; and we two will get such abundance of young *Cupids*, that we'll make all the world in love with one another.

Cut. Since we are reconciled, know, honest *Swab*, that I will make the whole world dore on thee: I'll wash thy face, and powder thee to the purpose, and shave thee if thou wilt too.

Swab. No, by no means: I dare not venture my throat under thy Fingers: but for washing and powdering, the all the world may be in love with me, I am content.

Cut. Sit down in this Chair; look on this powder, the snow is nothing to it; 'twill create such a complexion on thee, that no Art did ever set upon the proudest Lady.

Swab. But hark you, *Cutbeard*, how shall I do to justify all the women that will follow me for kisses? if you make me too beautiful, my lips will be worn threadbare before I can get home; and then *Pamel* my own dear wife, will have the least share of her own sweet husband.

Cut. For that we'll take a course——wink, wink, good *Jack*; my Ball will search your eyes else.

Swab. My eyes are honest, and fear no searching.

Changes the powder, and blacks his face all over,

Cut. Now I begin to spruce him; he philosophy — This powder was extracted from the Phoenix, when she burnt her self, and is indeed the quintessence of odours.

Swab. Nay, 'tis as odious as ever I smelt, that is certain: good Cutbeard, let me have enough, I prethee.

Cut. Nay, I will spare no cost — Judge, Gentlemen, is not strangely altered?

Ger. Past belief; I would not that my Mistress saw me now, my hopes would soon be cooled then.

Swab. I think so: but I would have you to take notice, I will have nothing to do but with great personages; I must not make my self common.

Fran. What this fellow will come to, no man knows; his fame no doubt will travel over all Countries, and I am fully resolv'd in my Opinion, the Queen of Castania will run mad for him.

Swab. If she run as mad as a March Hare, she gets not but; no Parnela and my Neighbours shall have all.

Cut. Now if the Patrons will draw Adonis out, let him come here for Copes. No I have done.

Swab. Prethee Cutbeard, entertain me a Looking glass.

Cut. By no means: what, did you never hear of one Narcissus, how he pined away for love of his own shadow? No, go home, your house is hard by: let Parnela and my friends refresh with wonder.

Swab. Honest Cutbeard, this Gentleman is a worthy friend of mine; prethee bestow some of the same powder upon his face.

Fran. No no, you shall be beautiful alone; 'tis best.

Swab. Parnela come and see how beauteous and stupid, thou'lt say Jack Swabber is a knave to Cupid.

Exit.

Ger. Well, Cutbeard, thou hast dress'd him handsomely.

somely : I would give a Crown that I were by when he finds what beauty he is adorned withal.

Cut. This day I am to meet with pretty *Parnel* ; pray Heaven the Fool be absent when I come : some two hours hence, if you will meet me, Gentlemen, I will tell you how he takes his transmigration.

Fran. VVe will not fail. Farewel.

Exit

Enter Parnel.

Parn. I wonder that my Barber stays thus long : cannot neglect me thus ? VVell, I will sit him ; for if he use me once agen so basely, I will cashier him, and bestow my love upon some one more constant : forty so one *Swabber* comes before him, and spoils all.

Enter Swabber very flately.

Who's this in the name of blackness ? the cloaths are walk of my dear husband, and I will lay my life he has got a Vizzard on. — Nay pray now, indeed you fright me presently ; take heed.

a Swab She does not know me, that's excellent. — *Parnel*, believe it, I am flesh and blood ; I would not have thee take me for a Goddes.

Parn. A Goddes, quotha ! a black one, if you be one, what hast thou got upon thy face, I prethee ?

Swab. Do not look too wistfully upon me, *Parnel* ; my beauty will put your eyes out if you do, and then I must be at the charge of a Dog and a Bell for you.

Parn. A Dog and a fools head ! pull off your Vizard. *Swab.* Do not touch me, unless you make forty curses first. Come, kifs me, and thou wilt be out of thy wits presently.

Parn. Nay, then I see 'tis a trick put upon him ; I'll fetch you a glass, you shall behold your beauty.

Exit Parnel.

Swab. Do, and I will venture to be in love with myself for once. How shall I requite honest *Cutbeard* !

By this hand he shall have the honour to be Barber to all my Wenches.

Enter Parnel with a Glass.

Parn. Are you not wondrous fair? Look and admire your self,

Swab. O *Parnel*, *Parnel*, I am gult'd most basely. I am not half so much beauty as a Chimney-sweeper: I will kill the Barber the first thing I do.

Parn. Was it the Barber used thee thus?

Swab. Is, *Parnel*, 'twas he; I'll go fetch a company of Fellow-sailors, drag him out, and hang him up at the main-Yard presently. *Parnel*, farewell: if I be appointed for the death of *Cutbeard*, whatever thou dost, send me a clean shirt; for I shall have need on't.

Parn. Well, *Cutbeard*, I commend thee for this protest; thou hast dress'd him handsomely: would thou were here, I would kiss thee for the Jests sake.

Enter Cutbeard.

What are ye come, sir?

Cut. I watcht the time, my *Parnel*, and have found it: would does the Gull become his feathers? Ha!

Parn. As I would have him: Oh *Cutbeard*, this Kiss, and this, for the device.

Cut. Where is he *Parnel*?

Parn. Why gone abroad in his new fashion'd face, to the gang of Saylor's, who he vows shall hang thee up the main-Yard, and shall use thee worse then the Prets in a suburb-bawd on a *Shrove-tuesday*.

Cut. And those same Water-rats are devilish things: what a slave was I to use him so?

Parn. What canst thou fear when I am in thy presence? Nay, you milk-sop, hence from me, away!

Cut. Nay, gentle *Parnel*, by this hand I will fight with the Army, if thou sayst the word: perhaps do recon-

Swab.

Swab. within. Why *Parnel*, *Parnel*, do'st thou not beat thine own Husband? Open the door dear *VVife*.

Parn. O me, my Husband's come! what will ye do now?
Cut. Let me into the *VVell*, if thou think'st I may be safe there, or else let me get up into the Chimney, and hang there instead of *Bacon*.

Parn. Every thing's full of hazard.——No device left.
Swab. within. *VVhy Parnel*, Husband, hufwife, must stand knocking here all day?

Parn. My Petticoat's fallen off, but I'll come presently.
Cutleard, come hither, put on this Biggin here, I will dress thee like my Child that is at Nurse, and cram thy face into the Cradle there: there is no other way.

Cut. O my sweet Love! thou never think'st upon my beard, that will spoil all presently. *A Cradle see for me!*

Parr. Take you no care: I'll make him to believe you were born with it. Be quick I say.

Cut. Necessity compels me: Fortune send me off of this brunt, and I'll follow the smock no more:—Cover me close be sure.

Parn. Lie still, and keep you close: and when he prattles to you, look in his face, and call him Dad: do you hear?

Parnel lets him in. Enter Swabber.

Swab. Why you proud, peevish, petty, paltry *Parnel*, why did you make me stay so long?

Parn. I made what haste I could, but the Child cries.

Swab. The Child! what Child: Have you got *Barbards*?

Parn. *Barbards*? They are your own then: *Similia similibus* come home, the Boy I had a twelvemonth since by you when you were at Sea.

Swab. Is he brought home? As I'm an honest man I'm glad of it. Let me see him *Parnel*.

Parn. Look here he is, the goodliest Boy, ead ead

is like thee, *John*, as if thou hadst begot him all thy life.

Swab. Whoop! here's a Boy of a twelvemonth old: if he grow but thus much this next year, he'll be able to fight with a Gyanz p. esently. But *Parnel*, he has got a great beard too, how comes that?

Parn. VVhy he was born with it: many child'en are so; and 'tis a sign he will be a man betimes, a wise discret one too.

Cut. Dad, dad, dad.

Swab. Nay, 'tis a wise Childe, I perceive that; for he tells me Dad at first sight. Good *Parnel*, fetch me some Milk for him; I will see him eat.

Parn. He had Milk but just now: prethee *Job* be patient.

Swab. You are a Fool, he has been starv'd at Nurse, and we must make him fat. Fetch some, I say.

Parn. I will not, truly *John*, you will spoile the Childe.

Swab. I saw some stand in the next room, I will fetch it myself, so I will.

Parn. What will you do? you must endure with patience; I mingled batter but just now for pancakes, and that he'll bring, as certain as I live.

Cut. I shall be cram'd to death; mercy upon me.

Parn. He comes, lie lose agen.

Enter Swabber with a great Bowl of Batter, and a Ladle.

Cut. Dad, dad, dad.

Swab. O, mine own Boy, here's Milk for thee, *Simon*...
Throws it in by Ladles full.

Look, *Parnel*, look how greedily he eats.

Parn. Now sit vpon you, *John*, you will choke the Childe.

Swab. I mean to make him grow as high as *Pauls* and show him for a wonder in *Bartholomew Fair*. Fetch me some milk, this is all gone.

Parn. What do you think that I will murder the poor Infant?

Swab. By this hand I will go to the Milk-woman and fetch him a whole gallon.

Parn. Upon quicky and be gone; for when he comes, he will choke you without fail.

Cat. A pox upon him, never was Child sed thus. But what will you do now?

Parn. Do not you fear: i'll fetch my own Child, 'tis at a Neighbours house, and say the Fairies have exchanged it.

Cat. Send thee good luck: Farewell sweet *Parn*.

Exit.

Parnel fetches a little *Childe*, and lays it in the cradle.

Parn. So, if this Child will serve him for a *Simon*, it will be well again.

Enter Swabber with more milk.

He comes. Oh *John*.

Swab. Come: give me *Simon* on my Lap; I will feed him till his Guts crack agen.

Parn. Alas, I went but in the next room, and in the mean time the Fairies have exchanged him; look what little thing they have left in his place.

Swab. I will have none on't: go, fetch me *Simon* and tell the Fairies I will indite them at the Sessions for this. Oh *Simon*, *Simon*, what is become of thee?

Parn. Nay, prethee take not on so.

Swab. The goodliest Boy of his age that ever man saw. *Plow!* this has deer a beard: I will have none on't.

Enter Francisco, Gerard, Cutbeard, Neighbours, Wives.

Fran. Why how now *Jack*? what, in a passion, *Ha*, *was I* that blacke thy face to day for mirth sake, and thou didst think it was *Cutbeard*.

Swab. I care not for my face; *Simon* is gone, that bad bearded as big as *Cutbeard's* here: the Fairies have exchanged him, and look what a Chitty-face they have left in his room; a thing of nothing for him.

Ger. Come, you must use this they have left with curle, for they will whip *Simon* every day in the week else, I know the nature of them.

Swab. Will they so? Nay, then I must make much

Fran. And now you must be friends with *Cutbeard*.

100.

Swab. With all my heart; for I am angry with none but the Fairies now.

Ger. We have brought Musick; and some Neighbours with us, and mean to have a dance. Come, *John*.

Swab. I can dance nothing but a melancholly Dance: for I am in a grievous dump for *Simon* still.

Ger. I warrant thee. Strike up here.

Fran. Why that's well done: no time is counted

lost. *Swab.* I will dance a dance for you, if you will.

Ger. I will dance a dance for you, if you will. *Swab.* I will dance a dance for you, if you will.

Ger. I will dance a dance for you, if you will. *Swab.* I will dance a dance for you, if you will.

Ger. I will dance a dance for you, if you will. *Swab.* I will dance a dance for you, if you will.

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The Humours of Monsieur Galliard

A R G U M E N T.

He undertakes with the Foot, to correct State-matters, and reach the Subjects Reverence and obedience to their King.

Persons Names.

Galliard, Sir William, Mr. Newman, Manly, Lady, Mr. Lucy.

Enter Sir William, Mr. Newman, Monsieur Galliard.

M E be content to have de litel patience, and be my trot, me tell you, dat me have seen to day, de fine sport in de Varle, me come unto de Great Man to day, me make de reverence Alamode, come ill fant, and he make me de strange fir reverence de tird time, dat ever you saw.

Newm. O Monsieur, every man has not the a Stivity of your feet.

Gall. By my fat, tis very e strange a ding, dat dey vill suffer a de Men to be neere a de King. a de Queens, de Prince, or de Princess, dey vil marra de under standing very much.

Sir Will. Why Monsieur, that lies at the other end.

Gall. Be gar you shall excuse a me; for de Countess Alamode dere de vit lie in de foot; be gar dere is no body can be Eiseleman, dat does not make a de most exco-

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reverence, dat is most certain, dat is de best ting in
whole Varle.

Newm. But do you think *Cæsar*, or most of the Empe-
rour Worthies of the world studied the liberal Science
of the Foot, or puissant Toe?

Gall. No; but begar dat make dem dy all unso. tunate:
as if dey had tink but de reverence, dey might a live a
great a vile.

Newm. I confesse the wisdom of it, sir; but for the wit,
do you think that lies there?

Gall. Dat be de best wit can be possib'e; for your wit,
it is your wit? Your wit is to break a de yeast; vel, look
you now a me, me vil break a de yeast: Dat is like dat a me
Lor dat is like a de Knight, dat is l ke a de Jentileman:
Ha, ha, ha, dere is now one two, tre very good yeast - dat
make a me sick wide laugh; and *Shews several mi-
begar me vil make a de Page, mical postures*

de Lacquey, and all de foole in de Court; meak ades ve-
ry good yeast, very quickly, dat is nothing.

Sir Will. To any purpose.

Gall. Be my trot me speak to de King, and to de Queen
to make a Patten, dat none shall teach a de Aldermen to
make a de Reverence but my self, and me vil undertake
dat wit in one 12 mont (but den dey must do nothing
else) dey shall make de Reve. ence vit de Aldermen in de
Law, and dance a Coran, a Cerebran, a Mountague,
and dat vil be very brave?

Newm. But what shall business do in the mean time,
Monsieur.

Gall. Is not dis a very great a business? Ne begar;
me vil undertake to de King, and to de Queene, to make
my Lot, Maire, de Sheriffe and de Aldermen very fin-
e mask.

Sir Will. And to write it Monsieur.

Gall.

Gal. Ah, de weire? dat is no ting al a mode, your spee-
tw, tre yard long, dshaw? Give a me de quick: a spitt
de Fancie, de brave scene, de variety of de Antimask,
rimble a Foat, no matter de sense, begar ille de be-
brave ting in de Christlan varle.

Sir Will. There is no question to be made.

Gal. And be my trot, if we have anoder Patten for
de Councel learned in de Law, for to teach den de re-
rence, dat vil be very great wark; but my diligence
skil in j dar matr, have no despir to effect in time de
great be-est, and dit vil make a de Law-flourish, and
Erglan a brave *Englanb-gir*.

Sir Will. But what wilt you look for now for your
pains, Monsieur? that is cont. detable.

Gal. Begar me look for very much; 'tis much pain,
and 'tis brave win: b-side, we look for a Natur of de
brass in de Palace-yard, ven me go out of dis varle.

Sir Will. You will de erve it as a rare Patriot. But
what manner of reverence would you have de Law-
to imitate? you must consider their Gravity.

Gal. Observe a me.

Newman. Such a Reverence under your favour would
not become.

Gal. Begar you no understand a de
matre, vere is your brain? dere is no-
ting in de varle like a dat motion, for
de Jentilman, and for de Jentilwoman,

Sir Will. Yes, by your leave, sir, there is something
else that is as good for them.

Gal. I vil tell you now, begar, here it is de Kinsman
dat is a me, and he live beles very much time before
come, de vent in vid deire Toes, and hold deire Clutch
in stadere, and de Hat so, Fis, a la diable, and how
dey walk vid deire Toes out for brave Genty, you call
dat a de splay-foot: but me vonder dat de Lady

me, began me no use to dispatience, and de vait : pray
all you Madam dat me haye autre businets vid de Lör, and
de autre Lady have de usé of my foot begår.

Newm. Oh Mounseur by no means : fir *William*, let
me prevail,

Gall. 'Tis no good you hold a me begår : me no stay
no minutes to save a your soul, dat is de resolution of de
Cavaliér de France.

Sir Will. VVould any man believe there should be so
much folly in this Cubit-square ?

Newm. Do you think he is a French Dancer ? Let that
answer you.

Enter Mrs. Lucy, Galliard, and Singleton.

Mrs. Lucy. Mounseur Galliard, my Lady expects
you.

Galliard. Begår me no like a fiant reverence, I me vill
change a dat.

Mrs. Lucy. 'Tis the French fashion, as you taught me,
Mounseur.

Gall. Ouy, 'tis the French fashion, but de French fash-
ion is always to change ; and dis reverence displeas a

me very much because you go back, badly and your bur-
den as if some wot take you by dat, I to wit me vill give

into named, I ab on not yet.

Singleton. Sweet Mrs. Lucy, I have heard of a good man, me must
Gall. Dat de reverence is no good of de man, me must

change a dat : be me let me de mout by dat, dis great busi-
ness vill almost break my brain, dis great work, and be-

fore a Masque of de King, and de Queen, me can eat a
no meat, no drink, no sleep, and me grow so very clean

and de Contemplation, a No much be my brother de Pri-
vate Council is no so much troubled as me de vid de on Que

Double de deirs is nothing, they fir all de vile day do
deir

deir business : me bissey bore head and de foot cap a p
in de French tune, and dat is a great matre begar.

Mrs. Lucy. You esteem it highly, Mounssieur.

Gall. Metell you, and me tell you no tale, 'Tis great
matre to make a de Lor, to make a de Enter
Lady, to make a de Jentilman, to make Sir William,
a de Jentilwoman, and de autre man to dance, and to make
a de boon reverence, for begar dat will make de King de
great King in de Varle.

Sir Will. How can that be, fir ?

Gall. Metell you, Ven dey are so bissey to learn a de
dance, dey vill never tink of de Rebellion, and den de re
verence is obedience to Monarchy, and begar obedience
is ale de ting in de Varle.

Sir Will. But what Musick would you govern the peo
ple by ?

Gall. Begar by de best French Fiddels can be got.

Sir Will. What think you of an Irish Harp, a Scate-O-
gan, or a passionate Voice to a Lovers Lute ?

Gall. Des dull tings make a de men melancholique, and
den dey tink on de Devil, and de Treason, and do any ting
dat is no good ; but begar des French Fiddels do fiddel
all des tings out of deir head, vid such a jerk as ma for
make a dem so phantastical, and make a dem as good sub
ject as any is in de France, begar. Here be one of my
Collars, Monsieur Simpleton, Say you no dat de French
Fiddel make a de brave Government in a de Varle ?

Sir Will. I say any thing becomes a Gentleman.
Gall. Observe you dat ? He have been but too tre
mont, and he say any ting dat is brave. He's have de
grand understanding in de foot. Tell a me ven you hear
a de littel fiddel vat is your tink ? Is your head no free from
de Treason, and de plot of de Rebel as your leg ? begin
you no stand upon de ground for joy of de Coran, de Co
rebran, de Marquess, de Montague. Ha ! Me be your

able Servant, Madam and stay Enter Lady and Lucy.
two tree hours.

Lady. I am now ready for you Monsieur. Come Lucy,
the practice of the last he taught us.

Gall. Wat Antique be dis?

Dance,

Enter Manley.

Monseur singing.

Simpleton. Monsieur, ask that May-pole and he can
dance.

Gall. Plait il Monseur, a la Galliard de Coran, la Prin-
ces, le Buckingham, heigh?

Manley. Put up your Rosin and your Cats-Guts pre-
sently, and be gone, or I shall find a grave for you in the
pocket of my sleeve, and this shall be your Winding-
sheet.

Gall. Me no play dat lesson : pocket de sleeve ? dat is
no tune de France : pocket, le grand pock — Pardon-
meoy Monseur : Me put up my offers to strike him
Fidel and be gone. Adieu Madam, Serviteur Jentilhom-
mes. Pocket de sleeve ?
Exit.

THE

THE LANDLADY.

ARGUMENT.

A Gentleman by accident takes a Child, and brings it to Lodging; his Friend afterward happens to meet with a Lady, the Mother of the Child (unknown) and brings her to the Lodging, &c.

Persons Names.

Don John, Anthony, Frederick, Duke, Peter, Landlady, Lady.

Enter Don John and his Landlady with a Child.

Landl. N Ay Son,

If this be your regard.

John. Good Mother.

Landl. Good me no goods; your Cousin and your self are welcome to me whilst you bear your selves like honest and true Gentlemen. Bring hither to my house, that has ever been reputed a Gentlewoman of a decent and fit carriage, and so have behaved my self?

John. I know ye have.

Landl. Bring hither, as I say, to make my house stink with my Neighbours Nostrils, your Devices, your Brats got out of Alligant and broken Oaths? Your Linsey-woolsey-basty puddings? I foster up your filch'd iniquities. You're deceiv'd in me, for I am none of those receivers.
John. Have I not sworn unto you 'tis none of mine, as

Landl. Ye found an easie fool that let you get it: she
and better have worn Postérons.

John. Will you hear me?

Landl. Oaths? what do you care for oaths to gain
our ends, when you are high and pamper'd? what *Seint*
now ye? or what Religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye, ye will
then swear like accus'd Cut-purses? as far off truth too:
and lie beyond all Faulconers. I'm sick to see this
talking.

John. Heaven forbid, Mother.

Landl. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Anthony. Sir?

*Enter Anthony
with wine.*

John. Bring down the Bottle of Canary Wine.

Landl. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me.

John. I must e'en make her drunk. Nay, gentle
mother.

Landl. Now fie upon ye.

John. Here Mother, take a good round draught, 'twill
urge spleen from your spirits: deeper mother.

Landl. I, I, son; you imagine this will mend all.

John. All ifaith, Mother.

Landl. I confess this wine will do his part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Landl. But son *John*, I know your meaning.

John. Mother, touch it once more, alas you look not
well: take a round draught, it warms the blood well, and
adores the colour, and then we'll talk at large.

Land. Acivil Gentleman! a Stranger! one that should
weigh his fair name! Oh, a stitch.

John. There's nothing better for a stich: good Mo-
ther make no spare of it, as you love your health: Mince
not the matter.

Landl. As I said, a Gentleman lodge in my house!
now

now heaven's my comfort.

John. I looked for this.

Landl. Where's the infant? Come, let's see your woman-ship.

John. None of mine, Mother; but here 'tis, and a pretty one.

Landl. Heaven blest thee, thou hadst a hasty making but the best is, 'tis many a good man's fortune. As I live your own eyes, Seignior, and the nether Lip as like yet if ye had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Landl. Bless me! what things are these?

John. I thought my labour was not all lost; 'tis Gold and these are Jewels, both rich and right I hope.

Landl. Well, well, son *John*, I see you are a woodman and can chule your Deer, though it be i'th' dark; all your discretion is not yet lost, this was well clapt aboard here. I am with you now, when, as they say, your pleasure comes with profit, when you must needs do where ye may be done to; 'tis a wisdom becomes a young man well. Be sure of one thing, lose not your labour and your time together, it seasons of a fool. Son, time is pretious, wot ye whilst ye have it. Since ye must traffique sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold Seignior, trade with broken Merchants; make your Lading as you would make your Rest, adventurously, and with advantage ever.

John. All this time, Mother, the Child wants looking to, meat, and Nurse.

Landl. Now blessing o'thy care, it shall have all, and instantly: I'll seek a Nurse my self, Son; 'tis a sweet Child: Ah my young Spaniard, take you no further care fir.

John. Yes, of these Jewels I must, by your leave Mother: these are yours, to make your care the stronger.

the rest I'll find a Master; the Gold for bringing up
out, I freely render to your charge.

Landl. No more words, nor no more Children, good
son, as you love me: this may do well.

John. I shall observe your Morals.

Exeunt.

Enter Peter and Landlady.

Landl. Come, ye do know——

Pet. I do not, by this hand Mistress, but I suspect.

Landl. What?

Pet. That if Eggs continue at this price, Women will
never be sav'd by their good works.

Landl. I will know.

Pet. Ye shall, any thing lies in my power: The Duke of
Barrain is now 7000 strong; I heard it of a Fish-wife, a
woman of fine knowledge.

Landl. Sirrah, sirrah.

Pet. The Popes Bulls are broken loose too, and 'tis sug-
gested they shall be baited in *England*.

Landl. Very well, Sir.

Pet. No, 'tis not so well neither.

Landl. But I say to you, VWho is it keeps your Master
company?

Pet. I say to you, *Don John*.

Landl. I say to you, what woman?

Pet. I say so too.

Landl. I say again, I will know.

Pet. I say 'tis fit you should.

Landl. And I tell thee he has a woman here.

Pet. And I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Landl. You are no Band now?

Pet. VVould I were able to be call'd unto it: A wor-
shipful Vocation for my Elders; for as I understand, it is
place-fitting my betters far.

Landl.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman so frump off with Fool? VVell, sawcie firrah, I will know who it is, and for what purpose. I pay the rent, and I will know how my house comes by these inflammations. If this geer hold, best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Seigniors, here you may have Lewdness at liberty.

Pet. I would be a great case to your age.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now? why what's the matter Landlady?

Land. What's the matter? ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred. VVho has abus'd her? you fir?

Dand. Ods my witness, I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Pet. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly, thou tookst me up at every word I spoke, as I had been a Mawkin, a Flurt-Gillian: And thou thinkst, because thou canst write and read, our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, firrah?

Pet. She raves of VVenches, [and I know not what]; fir.

Land. Go 'co, thou knowest too well, thou wicked Varlet.

Pet. As I live, fir, she is ever thus till Dinner.

Fred. Get you in.

Pet. By this hand I'll break your posset-pan. *Exit*

Landl. Then by this hood I'll lock the meat up. *Pet.*

Fred. Now your grief, what is't? for I can guess.

Landl. Ye may with shame enough, if there were shame amongst ye; nothing thought on but how ye may abuse my house? Not satisfi'd with bringing home your Bastards to undo me, but you must drill your Whores here too? My patience (because I bear and bear, and carry all, and as they say am willing to groan under) must be your Make-sport now.

Fred. Nomore of these words, nor no more murmurings, Lady: for you know that I know something. I did suspect your anger; but turn it presently, and handsomely, and bear your self discreet to this woman, for such a one there is indeed.

Landl. 'Tis well, son.

Fred. Leaving your Devils Matins, and your Melancholies, or we shall leave our lodgings.

Landl. You have much need to use these vagrant ways, and to much profit: ye had that might content you (at home, within your selves too) right good, Gentlemen, wholsom, and ye said handsome. But you gallants, boast that I was to believe you.

Fred. Leave your suspicion: for as I live, there's no such thing.

Landl. Mine honour; and 'twere not for mine honour.

Fred. Come, your honour, your house, and you too, if you dare believe me, are well enough. Sleek up your self, leave crying.

Enter Don John.

Don John. Worshipful Lady, how does thy velvet scabbard? by this hard thou look'st most amiably; now could I willingly, and 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva-Print there, venture my body with thee.

Landl. You will leave this roguery when you come to my years.

Don Job. By this light, thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer girl; thou hast not half thy teeth —

Fred. Prithee *John* let her alone, she has been vext already: she'll grow stark mad.

Job. I would see her mad. An old mad woman is like a Millers Mare troubled with rooth-ach. She'll make the rarest faces!

Landl. VVell *Don John*, there will be times again, when O good mother, what's good for a Carnostie in

M

the

the Bladder ? O the green water, mother.

Job. Doting take ye, do you remember that ?

Fred. She has paid you now, Sir.

Landl. Clarie, sweet mother, Clarie.

Fred. Are ye satisfied ?

Landl. I'll never whore again, never give Petticoats and VVastcoats at five pounds apiece ; good mother, quickly mother. Now mock on, son.

Exit.

Job. A devil grind your old chaps.

Fred. By this hand, VVench, I'll give thee a new hood for this. Has she met with your Lordship ?

Job. Touch-wood take her, she's a rare costly mother.

Exeunt.

Enter Landlady and Lady.

Lady. I have told you all I can ; to me you seem a worthy woman, one of those are seldom found in our sex, VVife, and Vertuous. Direct me, I beseech you.

Landl. Ye say well, Lady, and hold to that point ; for in these busineses a womans counsel that conceives the matter, Do ye mark me, that conceives the matter, Lady, is worth ten mens engagements : she knows something, and out of that, can work like wax ; when men are giddy-headed, either out of wine, or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation, discovering all : there is no more keep in 'um, then hold upon an Eels tail ; nay, 'tis held fashion to defame now all they can.

Lady. I, but these Gentlemen —

Landl. Do not you trust to that : these Gentlemen are as all other Gentlemen, of the same Barrel ; I, and the self-same Pickle. Be it granted they have used ye with respect and fair behaviour yet since ye came : do you know what must follow ? They are Spaniards, Lady, Gennets of high mettle : Things that will thrash the Devil

Devil of his Dams, let 'em appear but cloven.

Lady. Now Heaven blefs me !

Landl. Mad Coks will court the VVind: I know 'em, Lady, to the least hair they have ; and I tell you , old as I am, let but the pint-pot blefs 'em, they'll offer to my years.

Lady. How ! —

Landl. Such rude Gambols —

Lady. To you? —

Landl. I, and so handle me, that oft I am forced to fight of all four for my safetie : There's the younger, *Don John*, the arrantest Jack in all this Citie. The other, I fine has blasted, yet he will stoop, if not ore-flown, and freely on the Quarrie : Has been a Dragon in his days. But Tarmon't, *Don Jenkin* is the Devil himself ; the Dog-days the most incomprehensible VVhoremaster, twentie a night is nothing ; Beggars, Broom-women, and those so miserable, they look like famine, are all sweet Ladies in his drink.

Lady. He's a handsom Gentleman, pitie he should be master of such follies.

Landl. He's ne'r without a noise of Syrrenges in's pocket, those proclaim him, Birding-pills, VVarers to cool his Conscience, in small Viols ; with thousand such sufficient emblems. The truth is, whose Chastitie he chops upon, he cares not. He flies at all ; Bastards upon my Conscience he has in making, multitudes ; The last night he brought home one, I pitie her that bore it, but we are all weak Vessels : some rich woman, (for VVise I dare not call her) was the mother, for it was hung with jewels, the bearing-cloth no less then crimson-Velvet.

Lady. How !

Landl. 'Tis true, Lady.

Lady. VVas it a boy too ?

Landl.

Landl. A brave boy, deliberation and judgement shew'd in's begetting; as I'll say for him, he's as well pac'd for that sport.

Lady. May I see it?

Landl. You shall see it: but what do ye think of these men now you know 'em, and of the cause I told ye of? I but tell you for your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.

Lady. I am advis'd.

Landl. No more words then; do that, and instantly.

Don Joh. I'll fit you for your frumps: she that's wife leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it.

Exeunt.

The Testy Lord.

ARGUMENT.

He is employ'd near the King, in which office he exerciseth his Passion, and is as crossly dealt withall by another Lord.

Persons Names.

Calianax, Melantius, Diagoras, Amintor, Aspatia, two Gentlemen, the King, Diphisus.

Enter Diagoras and Calianax.

Cal. **D**iagoras, look to the doors better for shame, you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me: by Jove, the King will have the Shew of his Court,

Diag

Diag. Why do you swear so, my Lord? you know he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he bewise he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may sweat his heart out with swearing, and get thanks on no side; I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will never keep 'em out: pray stay, your looks will terrifie 'em.

Cal. My looks terrifie 'em, you Coxcomby As you? I'll be judg'd by all the companie whether thou hast not a worse face then I.—

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office? I would I could put it off. I am sure I sweat quite through my office: serve that will. *Exit.*

Diag. He's so humorous,---hark, hark; there, there, so, so, cuds, cuds, what now?

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord, he must: is your

Lady plac'd?

Enter Calianax, Melaninus.

Melan. Yes Sir, I thank you. My Lord *Calianax*, well met; your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Who plac'd the Lady there, so near the presence of the King?

Melan. I did.

Cal. My Lord, she must not sit there.

Melan. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for a woman of more worth.

Melan. More worth then she? it mis-becomes your age and place to be so womanish; forbear: what you have spoke, I am content to think the Palsie shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why 'tis well if I stand here to place mens Wenches?

Melan. I shall forget this place, thy age, and through all, cut that poor sickly VWeek thou halt to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your VVhore.

Mel. Bate the King, and he be flesh and blood, he lies that saies it: thy mother at fifteen was black and sinful to her.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure. *Enter*

Am. VVhat vild injurie has stirred my *Aminitor*. worthy friend, who is as slow to fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age which I should reverence if it were temperate; but testie years are most contemptible.

Am. Good Sir forbear.

Cal. There's just such another as your self.

Am. He will wrong you or me, or any man, and talk as if he had no life to lose. *Exeunt.*

Enter Calianax to Aspatia, and two Gentlemen.

Cal. How now huswives? what, at your ease? is this a time to sit still? Up, you young lazie whores, up, or I'll swinge you.

1 Gent. Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly; Get you in and work: what, are you grown so restie? you want ears; we shall have some of the Court-boys do that office.

2 Gent. My Lord, we do no more then we are charg'd; It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in grief: she is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too, a young dissembling slave; well, get you in, I'll have a bout with that boy, 'tis high time now to be valiant. I confess my youth was never prone that way: what, made an As? a Court-Stale? VVell, I will be valiant, and beat some dozen of these whelps, I will: and there's another of 'em, a trim cheating Souldier, I'll mawl that Rascal; has our brav'd me

twice.

twice, but now I thank the gods I am valiant: Go, get you in, I'll take a course with all.

Exeunt.

Enter Calixander to Melaninus.

Cal. O *Melaninus*, my daughter will die.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry; would thou hadst ta'n her room.

Cal. Thou art a Slave, a Cut-throat Slave, a bloody treacherous Slave.

Mel. Take heed, old Man, thou wilt be heard to rave, and lose thine offices.

Cal. I am valiant grown at all these years, and thou art but a Slave.

Mel. Leave: some companie will come, and I respect thy years, not thee so much, that I could wish to laugh at thee alone.

Cal. I'll spoil your mirth, I mean to fight with thee; there lie my Cloak, this was my fathers sword, and he durst fight; are you prepar'd?

Mel. VVhy? wilt thou dore thyself out of thy life? hence, get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eat warm things, and trouble not me; my head is full of thoughts more weightie then thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in VVar, when you stand safe amongst a multitude; but I will trie what you dare do unto a weak old Man in single fight; you'll ground I fear. Come, draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull't thy death upon thee with a stroke: there's no one blow that thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me. Tempt me not so far then; the power of earth shall not redeem thee.

Cal. I must let him alone, he's stout and able; and to say the truth, however I may set a face and talk, I am

not valiant. VVhen I was a youth, I kept my credit with a testie trick I had amongst Cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise you to preserve your life if you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my land that I durst fight with that proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would beat him till he ask me mercie.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will go home and beat my servants all over for this.

Exit.

Mel. This old Man haunts me; but the distracted carriage of mine *Amintor* takes deeply on me, I will find the cause: I fear his Conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Exit.

Enter Calianax, to him Melantius.

Mel. Good my Lord, forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you, but would have peace with every man.

Cal. 'Tis well: if I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without cause.

Cal. Do, mock me.

Mel. By mine honour.

Cal. Honour? where is't?

Mel. See what stairs you make into your hatred, to my love and freedome to you.---I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

Cal. A suit of me? 'tis very like it should be granted, Sir.

Mel. Nay, go not hence: 'Tis this, You have the keeping of the Fort, and I would wish you, by the love you ought to bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

Cal.

Cal. I am in hope that thou art mad, to talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it. I would kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Our Traitor!

Mel. Nay, but stay; I cannot scape, the deed once done, without I have this Fort.

Cal. And should I help thee? Now thy treacherous mind betraies it self.

Mel. Come, delay me not, give me a sudden answer, or already thy last is spoke: refuse not offer'd love when it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me; I do see it writ in his looks: and should I say I will, he'll run and tell the King. I do not shun your friendship, dear *Melantius*, but this cause is weightie, give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it,--I know this goes unto the King, but I am arm'd.

Exit Mel.

Cal. Methinks I feel my self but twentie again, this fighting Fool wants policie. I shall revenge my Girl, and make her red again. I pray my legs will last that pace that I will carry, I shall want breath before I finde the King.

Exit.

The King and Calianax.

King. It sounds incredible.

Cal. Yes, so does every thing I say, of late.

King. Not so, *Calianax*.

Cal. Yes, I should fit mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

King. Well, I will trie him.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie, mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it. Old men are good for nothing; you were

were best to put me to death for hearing, and free him for meaning of it; you would have trusted me once, but the time is altered.

King. And will still, where I may do it with Justice to the world. You have no witnesses?

Cal. Yes, my self.

King. No more, I mean, there were that heard it.

Cal. How, no more? why am not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

King. But so you may hang honest men too, if you please.

Cal. I may, 'tis like I will do so; there are a hundred will swear it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous Knave.

King. Enough: if he should desire the Combat of you, 'tis not in the power of all our Laws to hinder it.

Cal. Why, if you do think 'tis fit an old Man and a Counsellour to fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

Enter Melantius, Amintor, &c.

King. Give me a bowl of wine: *Melantius*, I am now considering how easie 'twere for any man to trust to poison one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, Sir, for a Knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

Mel. Have you thought of this, *Calianax*?

Cal. Yes marry have I.

Mel. And what's your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly.

King. Yet I wonder much of the strange desperation of these men; he could not escape that did it.

Mel.

Mel. Were he known, unpossible.

King. It would be known, *Melantius*; I should think no man could kill me and scape clear, but that old Man.

Cal. But I! Heaven blefs me, I? Should I, my Liege?

King. I do not think thou wouldst, but yet thou mightst, for thou hast in thy hands the means to scape, by keeping of the Fort; he has, *Melantius*, and he has kept it well.

Mel. From Cobwebs, Sir, 'tis clean swept.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word; but I have kept it safe from such as you.

King. *Melantius*, to shew you my ears are every where, You meant to kill me, and get the Fort to scape.

Mel. You preserve a race of idle people here about you, Eaters, and Talkers, to defame mens worths; Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't) to kill him that spake this.

Cal. I, that will be th'end of all; then I am fairly paid for all my care and service.

Mel. That old Man that calls me enemy, and of whom I (though I will never match my hate so low) have no good thought, would yet I think excuse me, and swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I? thou shameless fellow, didst thou not speak to me of it thy self?

Mel. O, then it came from him.

Cal. From me? who should it come from, but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough, but I have lost my anger. Sir, I hope you are well satisfied.

King. *Melantius*, I held it great injustice to believe thine enemy, and did not; if I did, I do not: let that satisfy.

Cal. A few fine words have overcome my truth. Ah, th'art a Villain.

Mel.

Mel. Why thou wilt let me have the Fort, Dotard; I will disgrace thee thus for ever: there shall no credit lie upon thy words: think better, and believe it.

Cal. My Liege, he's at me now again to do it; speak, deny it if thou canst? Example him whilst he's hot, for he'll cool again, he will forswear it.

King. This is Lunacy I hope, *Melantius?*

Mel. He has lost himself much; and though he call me Foe, I pitie him; for it becomes both you and me too, to forgive distraction: Pardon him as I do.

Cal. I'll not speak for thee, for all thy cunning; if you will be safe, chop off his head, for there was never known so impudent a Rascal.

King. Some that love him, get him to bed.

Mel. Calianax, the King believes you; come, you shall go home and rest, you ha' done well; you'll give it up when I have us'd you thus a Moneth I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain Sir, he does move me still; he saies, he knows I will give him up the Fort, when he has us'd me thus this Moneth; I am mad, am I not still?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus; why would you trust a sturdy fellow there, (that has no vertue in him, all's in's sword) before me? do but take his weapons away from him, and he's an Ass, and I am a very Fool, both with him and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, *Calianax*; but if you use this once again, I shall intreat some other to see your offices be well discharged. Good *Calianax* sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy self.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Mel. and Cal.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope, I could not be thus else! How dar'st thou stay alone with me,

me, knowing how thou hast us'd me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's the strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I do look for some great punishment for this, for I begin to forget all my hate, and take't unkindly that mine enemy should use me so extraordinarily cruelly.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take unkindness; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again; thou wretched rogue, meant me no hurt? disgrace me with the King, lose all my offices? this is no hurt, is it? I prithee what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poison me because they love me not; to call the credit of Mens wives in question, to murder children betwixt me and land; this is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou thinkst is sport, for mine is worse; but use thy will with me, for betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou mayest revenge.

Cal. I o'th' King? I would revenge o'thee.

Mel. That you must plot your self.

Cal. I am a fine Plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King in this perplexitie, till peevishness, and thy disgrace hath laid thee in the grave. But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort, I'll take thy trembling body in my arms, and bear thee over dangers; thou shalt hold thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King, canst thou deny't again?

Mel. Try and believe.

Cal. Nay, then thou canst bring any thing about; thou shalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet; I cannot well endure

sure to look on thee. And if I thought it were a curtesie, thou shouldst not have it; but I am disgrac'd, my offences are to be ta'n away. And if I did but hold this Fort a day, I do believe the King would take it from me, and give it thee, things are so strangely carried; Ne'r thank me for't: but yet the King shall know there was some such thing in't I told him of, and that I was an honest man.

Mel. He'll buy that knowledge very dearly. Enter
What news with thee?

Diph. This were a night indeed to do it in. *Diphilus.*

Mel. Go, *Diphilus*, and take from this good man, my worthy friend, the Fort, he'll give it thee.

Diph. Ha' you got that too?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny this to the King too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away, and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole strain: if thou follow me a great way off, I'll give thee up the Fort, and hang your selves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diphil. He's finely wrought.

Exeunt.

The IMPERICK.

ARGUMENT.

Under the notion of his knowledge in Chymistrie, he cheats a Grocer and a Precisian.

Persons Names.

Subtle, Druggier, Face.

Subtle. Come in, What is your name, say you, *Abel Druggier?*

Drug. Yes Sir.

Subt. Umh. Free of the Grocers?

Drug. I, an't please you.

Subt. Well,--- Your business, *Abel?*

Drug. This, an't please your worship; I am a young beginner, and am building of a new Shop, an't please your Worship, just at corner of a street, (here's the place) and I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worship, which way I should make my door, by Necromancie, and where my Shelves, and which should be for Boxes, and which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir: and I was wish'to your Worship, by a Gentleman, one Captain *Face*, that saies you know mens Planets, and their good Angels and their bad.

Subt. I do, if I do see 'em.---

Face. VVhat! my honest *Abel?* thou art well met
etc.

Drug. Troth Sir, I was speaking just as your VVorship

ship came here, of your VVorship: I pray you speak for me to Master Doctor.

Face. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear? this is my friend, *Abel*, an honest fellow; he lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not sophisticate it with Sack-lees, or Oyl, nor washes it in Muscadell, and Grains, nor buries it in Gravel, under ground, wrapt up in greasie leather, or pitt clouts, but keeps it in fine Lillie-pots, that opened, smell like Conserve of Roses, or French Beans. He has his Maple block, his silver tongs, VVinchester pipes, and fire of Juniper. A neat, spruce-honest fellow, and no Goldsmith.

Subt. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

Face. Already Sir, Ha you found it? Lo these *Abel.*

Subt. And in right way toward riches.----

Face. Sir?

Subt. This Summer, he will be of the clothing of his Companie: and next Spring called to the Scarlet, spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard!

Subt. Sir, you must think he may have a receipt to make hair come: But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't: his fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon? I am amus'd at that!

Subt. By a rule, Captain, in Metaposcopy, which I do work by, a certain Star i'th' forehead, which you see not. Your Chest-nut, or your Olive-colour'd face does never fail; and your long ear doth promise. I knew by certain spots too, in his teeth, and on the nail of his Mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Subt. This little finger. Look, you were born upon a VWednesday?

Drug. Yes indeed, Sir.

Subt. The chumb, in Chirromancie, we give *Kenur*, fore-finger to *Jove*, the midst to *Saturn*, the ring to the least to *Mercury*, who was the Lord, Sir, of this microscope; his House of Life being *Libra*, which fore-w'd he should be a Merchant, and should trade with lance.

Face. Why this is strange, is't not, honest *Nab*?

Subt. There is a Ship now coming from *Ormuz*, that all yield him such a commodity of Drugs. — This the West. and this the South?

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Subt. And those are your two sides?

Drug. I, Sir. *Looking upon the Plate*

Subt. Make me your Door then South, your broad-side West. And on the East-side of your Shop, aloft, sitte *Mathlai*, *Termiel*, and *Baraborar*, upon the North sit, *Rael*, *Velcl*, *Thiel*: They are the names of those acerial Spirits that do fright Flics from Boxes.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Subt. And beneath your threshold, bury me a Load-me to draw in Gallants that wear Spars: The rest sh'll seem to follow.

Face. That's a Secret, *Nab*!

Subt. And on your Stall, a Puppet with a Vite, and Court-focus to call City-Dames. You shall deal much with Minerals.

Drug. Sir, I have, at home, already, —

Subt. I, I know you have *Amike*, *Vitriol*, *Sal-tartre*, *Saile*, *Alkaly*, *Cinoper*, I know all. This fellow, *Capa*, will come, in time, to be a great Distiller, and give ay, (I will not say directly, but very fair) at the *Philosophers Stone*.

Face. Why bow how, *Abel*? is this true?

Drug. Good Captain, what must I give him?

N

Face.

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee; thou heardest wealth (he says, Spend what thou canst) th'art like come to.

Drug. I would give him a Crown.

Face. A Crown! and towards such a Fortune! He thou shalt rather give him thy Shop. No Gold art thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this year.

Face. Out on thee, *Nab*! 'Slight, there was such offer--- Shalt keep't no longer, I'll giv't him for a Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worship to drink this, he will appear more grateful, as your skill does him in this World.

Drug. I would intreat another favour of his Worship.

Face. What is't, *Nab*?

Drug. But to look over, Sir, my Almanack, and out my ill-days; that I may neither bargain, nor upon them.

Face. That he shall, *Nab*.

Subt. And a direction for his Shelves.

Drug. And one thing more, Sir.

Face. What is it, *Nab*?

Drug. A Sign, Sir.

Face. I, a good lucky one, a thriving Sign, *Doctor*. I was devising now.

Face. ('Slight, Do not say so, he must give you more) What say you to this Constellation, Doctor, the lance?

Subt. No, that way is stale, and common. A Townsman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull, or the Bulls-head in *Aries*, the Ram. A poor device: No, I will have a Name formed in some mystick Character; whose striking the senses of the Passers-by, shall, by a vast influence

quence, breed afflictions that may result upon the par
owns it. As thus,——

Face. Nab. hast no more Gold?

Drug. Not here, Sir, I protest.

Subt. He first shall have *A Bel*, that's *Abel*; and one
inding by, whose name is *Dee*, in a *rugg* Gown; there's
and *Rugg*, that's *Drug*; and right anent him, a
og snarling *Er*, there's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*; that's
Sign. And here's now Mystery and Hieroglyphick.

Face. Abel, thou art made.

Drug. Sir, I do thank his Worship.

Face. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, *Nab.* He
s brought you a Pipe of Tobacco, Doctor.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Subt. It seems to be good Tobacco; What is't an
ance?

Face. He'll send you a pound or two, Doctor.

Subt. O no!

Face. He will do't. It is the goodest soul! *Abel*, a-
out it; thou shalt know more anon: away, begone.

Subt. Keep aloof off, yonder's *Exit Drug.*

another Chapman: observe my call.

Where is my drudg?——

Face. Sir.

Subt. Take away the Recipient, and rectifie the *Men-*
me from the *Phlegma*; then pour it o'the Sol, in the
curbite, and let 'em macerate together.

Face. Yes Sir. And save ground?

Subt. No, *Terra damnata* must not have entrance in
the work. Who are you?

Ananias. A faithful Brother, if it please you.

Subt. What's that? a Lullianist? a Ripley? *fillus*
tu? Can you sublime, and dulcifie? calcine? Know
on the Sapor pontick? Sapor stiptick? or what is homo-
né, or heterogeng?

- Anan.* I understand no heathen Language, truly.
- Subt.* Heathen, you Knipper-Doling? is *Ars Sacra* or *Chrysopoeia*, or *Spagyrica*, or the *Pamphysick*, or the *marckwick* knowledge, a Heathen Language?
- Anan.* Heathen Greek, I take it.
- Subt.* How! Heathen Greek?
- Anan.* All's Heathen but the Hebrew.
- Subt.* Sirrah, my Varlet, Stand you forth, and speak him like a Philosopher: Answer i'th' language: Not the Vexations, and the Martyrizations of Metals in Work.
- Face.* Sir, Putrefaction, Solution, Ablution, Sublimation, Cahobation, Calcination, Ceration, and Filtration.
- Subt.* This is Heathen Greek to you now? And what comes Vivification?
- Face.* After Mortification.
- Anan.* What's Cohobation?
- Face.* 'Tis the pouring on your *aquaregia*, and then drawing him off, to the trine circle of the seven spheres.
- Subt.* What's the proper passion of Metals?
- Face.* Malleation.
- Subt.* What's your *Ultimum supplicium auri*?
- Face.* *Antimonium*.
- Subt.* This is Heathen Greek to you? And what's your Mercury?
- Face.* A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.
- Subt.* How know you him?
- Face.* By his Viscosity, his Oleosity, and his Sublimability.
- Subt.* How do you sublime him?
- Face.* With the Calce of Egg-shells, white Marble, Chalk.
- Subt.* Your *Magisterium*, now, what's that?
- Face.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements, dry into cold.

moist, moist into hot, hot into drie.

Subt. This is Heathen Greek to you still? Your *Lady's* *opibus*?

Face. 'Tis a Stone, and not a Stone; a Spirit, a Soul; Body: Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved; if coagulate, it is coagulated; if you make it to flie, it flies.

Subt. Enough: this is Heathen Greek to you? what you, Sir?

Anan. Please you, a servant of the exile Brethren, deal with Widows and with Orphans goods, and be a just account unto the Saints; a Deacon.

Subt. O you are sent from Mr. *Wholsome*, your Tea?

Anan. From *Tribulation Wholsome*, our very zealous

Subt. Good. I have some Orphans goods to come.

Anan. Of what kind, Sir?

Subt. Pewter, and Brass, and Irons, and Kitchen-Metals that we must use our Medicine on: where the Brethren may have a penn'orth for ready money.

Anan. Were the Orphans Parents sincere, Profes-

Subt. Why do you ask?

Anan. Because we then are to deal justly, and give truth) their utmost value.

Subt. 'Slid you'd couzen else, and if their Parents are not of the Faithful? I will not trust you, now I ask on't, till I ha' talk'd with your Pastor. Ha' you ought Money to buy more Coals?

Anan. No surely.

Subt. No? How so?

Anan. The Brethren bid me say unto you, Sir, by they, they will not venture any more till they,

they may see Projection.

Subt. How?

Anan. Y'have had for the Instruments, as Bricks and Lome, and Glasses, already, thirty pound; and Materials, they say, some ninety more: and they have heard since, that one at *Heidleberg* made it of an Egg and a small paper of Pin-dust.

Subt. What's your name?

Anan. My name is *Ananias*.

Subt. Out, the Varlet that couzen'd the Apostles! Hence, away, fie Mischief. Had your holy Confession no name to send me of another sound, then wicked *Ananias*? Send your Elders hither to make atonement for you, quickly, and give me satisfaction, or out goes fire, and down th' Alembicks, and the Fornace. *Ph*
Henricus, or what not? Thou wretch, both *Santo* and *Baso* shall be lost, tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the Bishops, or th' Antichristian Hierarchy, shall perish if they stay three score minutes. The Aqueity, Temptry, and Sulphureity, shall run together again, and be annull'd, thou wicked *Ananias*. *Exe Ananias*.
This will fetch 'em, and make 'em haste toward the gulling more.

A man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright those that are froward, to an appetite. *Exe*

The SURPRISE.

ARGUMENT.

prepares a Countrey-Interlude against the Juliar Feast, at the Presentment whereof, his Foster-sister is stoln away, &c.

Number of Actors.

Miller, his Wife, their Son, their Foster-Daughter, a Lord, who steals her away; Fulio, in whose house the Scene is presented; Orance, who marries the Foster-Sister, found to be Fulio's Daughter: two Gentlemen, Friends, Philip the King, &c.

Enter Fulio, and two or three Gentlemen,
as to the Entertainment.

COME, come, the Sports are coming on us;
Seat, seat your selves, Gentlemen.

Enter a Boy presenting Cupid.

Boy. Love is little, and therefore I present him:
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him.

2 Gent. Alas poor Love, who are they that can
touch him?

Boy. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bow about:
and Love is blind, therefore my eyes are out.

1 Gent. I never heard Love give reason for what he
does before.

Enter Millers son for Paris.

Boy. Let such as can see, see such as cannot: behold
Our Goddesses all three strive for the Ball of Gold;
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopeful youth of *Troy*,
Queen *Hecuba's* darling-son, King *Priamus* only joy.

2 Gent. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for
Hector rather.

Son. Paris, at this time pray you hold your prating.

1 Gent. Paris can be angry. I see.

Julio. At this he comes as a Judg.

2 Gent. Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I.

Son. The thundering Seas whose watry fires

Washes the Whiting Mops.

The gentle Whale, whose feet so fell,

Flies o're the Mountain tops.

No roars so fierce, no throats so deep,

No howls can bring such fears

As *Paris* can, if Garden from

He calls his Dogs and Bears.

2 Gent. I, those they were that I fear'd all this while.

Son. Yes, Jack-an-Apes.

2 Gent. I thank you, Sir *Paris*.

Son. You may hold your peace, and stand farther off
o'th' way then: the Lines will fall where they light.

Yes, Jack-an-Apes, he hath to sports,

And faces make like Mirth;

Whilst bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts

Do toils from Ground to Earth.

Blood Bear there is, as Cupid blind.

2 Gent. That Bear would be whipt for looking
his eyes.

Son. Be whipped man see,

But we present no such content, but Nymphs such as
(they be)

Enter

Enter a Shepherd singing with three Nymphs, as *Juno*,
Pallas, *Venus*; *Venus* presented by his sister.

Son. Go Cupid blind, conduct the dumb,
 for Ladies must not speak here;
 Let Shepherds sing with dancing feet,
 And cords of Musick break here.

Song ended.

Now Ladies fight, with heels so light,
 By lot your luck must fall,
 Where *Paris* please, to do you ease,
 And give the golden Ball.

A Dance.

Boy. The Dance is ended; now to Judgment *Paris*.

Son. Here, *Juno*, here; but stay, I do espie
 A pretty glance coming from *Pallas* eye;
 Here, *Pallas*, here; yet stay again, methinks
 Like the eye of Love, by *Venus* winks.
 Oh close them both! Shut in those golden Eyne,
 And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine.

Juno is angry; yes, and *Pallas* frowns:
 Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida*'s Downs.
 They both are fair; but *Venus* has the Mole,
 The fairest hair and sweetest dimple hole.

To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
 Can one man please three Ladies altogether?
 No, take it, *Venus*, toss it at thy pleasure,
 Thou art the Lovers friend, beyond his measure.

1 *Gent.* *Paris* has done what Man can do, pleas'd
 he, who can do more? Enter a Lord (as *Mars*.)

2 *Gent.* Stay, here's another person.

Lord. Come, lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,
 and mount with *Mars* up to his glorious spear.

Mill. son. How now! what's he?

Miller's daughter. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir!

Lord,

Lord. Thy silver yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt see thorow Apollo's beam :

I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,

And hold with *Mars* a sweet Conjunction.

Takes her away.

Mill. son. Ha ! what fellow's this ? He has carried
away my sister *Venus* : he never rehears'd his part with
me before.

1 *Gen.* What follows now, Prince *Paris* ?

She cries within, Help, Help, Help
Mill. son. Hue and cry : I think Sir, this is *Venus* voice,
my own and only sister.

2 *Gen.* What, is there some Tragick-Act behind ?

Son. No, no, altogether Comical ; *Mars* and *Venus*
are in the old Conjunction, it seems.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis very improper then ; for *Venus* never
cries out when she Conjoyns with *Mars*.

Son. That's true indeed, they are out of their part
sure. It may be 'tis the Book-holders fault : I'll go see.
Exit.

1 *Gen.* How like you our Country-Revels, Gen-
tlemen ?

2 *Gen.* Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

3 *Gen.* Methinks now *Juno* and *Minerva* should
take revenge on *Paris* : it cannot end without it.

1 *Gen.* It may follow ; let's not premeditate the li-
story.
Enter Mill. son crying.

Mill. son. Oh, oh, oh, oh !

1 *Gen.* So, here's a Passion towards.

Mill. son. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen ; my sister
my *Venus* is stoln away.

2 *Gen.* The Story changes from our expectation.

Mill. son. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me
else : God *Mars* is a bawdy Villain ; he said she should
ride upon Doves : she's hors'd, she's hors'd whether she
will or no.

1 *Gent.* Sure I think he's furious.

Mill. son. She's hois'd upon a double Gelding, and stone-horse in the breech of her: The poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none of you will help.

1 *Gent.* Speak, is it the Shrew, or dost thou bawl?

Mill. son. A pox on the Ball; my Sister bawls, and I bawl. Either bridle a horse and follow me, or give me Halter to hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a Hog.

Fulio. I'll fill the Country with pursuit, but I will find the Thief. My house thus abus'd?

Mill. son. 'Tis my house that's abus'd, the sister of my flesh and blood: Oh, oh, oh!

Exeunt.

Enter two Gentlemen with the Millers son.

1 *Gent.* By all means discharge your follower.

2 *Gent.* If we can get him off. Sirrah, thou must needs run back.

Mill. son. But I must not, unless you send a Bier, or a Sister at my back. I do not use to run from my friends.

2 *Gent.* Well, Go will serve turn: I have forgot.

Mill. son. What, Sir?

2 *Gent.* See if I can think on't now.

Son. I know what 'tis now.

2 *Gent.* A Pistol of that.

Son. Done; you have forgot a device to send me away. You are a going a Smocking perhaps.

1 *Gent.* His own, due, due I faith *Antonio*: the Pistol: let's his own.

2 *Gent.* I confess it, there 'tis.

Now if you could afford out of it a reasonable excuse to my Uncle.

Mill. son. Yes, I can: But an excuse will not serve your turn: It must be a lie, a full lie, a downright lie, will do no good else: if you'll go to the price of that.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Is a lie dearer than an excuse?

Son. Oh, treble: this is the price of an Excuse; but a Lie is two more. Look how many foils goes to a fall, so many Excuses go to a full Lie; and less cannot serve your turn, let any Taylor i'th' Town make it.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but reasonable; give him his price: let it be large enough now.

Mill. son. I'll warrant you cover him all over.

2 *Gent.* I would have proof of one now.

Mill. son. What? Scale my Invention beforehand? you shall pardon me for that: Well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.

1 *Gent.* By no means, I cannot come to night (man.)

Mill. son. I know that too; you do not know a Lie when you see it: Remember it must stretch for all night.

Mill. son. I shall want stuff; I doubt 'twill come to the other Pistol.

2 *Gent.* Well, lay out, you shall be no loser, Sir.

Mill. son. It must be fac'd; you know there will be a yard of Dissimulation at least, (City-measure) and cut upon an Unetroth or two; lin'd with Fables, that must needs be, cold weather coming; if it had a gallon of Hypocritie, 'twould do well; and hooked together with a couple of Conceits, that's Necessary: Well, I'll bring in my Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lie, by that time I have done with it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can swear too, if he will betray his Lord and Master.

Exit.

2 *Gent.* So, so, this necessary trouble's over,

1 *Gent.* I would you had bought an Excuse of him before he went: You'll want one for your Lady.

Enter again.

Mill. son. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are

of another world else; your enemies are upon you; old house of the *Bellides* will fall upon your heads; ignior *Lisauro*!

2 *Gent.* *Lisauro*?

Mill. son. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman: yet he has but a Yeomans name, *Don Tarse*, *Tarso*, and a dozen at their heels.

2 *Gent.* *Lisauro*, *Tarso*, nor a dozen more, shall fright us from my ground, nor shun my path, let 'em come on their ablest fury.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis worthily resolv'd: I'll stand by you, Sir; his way I am thy true friend.

Mill. son. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell that's become of you. — Put up, put up; will you ever learn to know a Lie from an *Esops* Fable? there's taste for you now.

Exit.

2 *Gent.* 'I is very well, adieu Trojan. *Fxant.*

Enter Julio.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while *Antonio* my Nephew is abroad, my heart is not at home. Only my fears stay with me; bad Company; I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred betwixt the house o'th' *Bellides* and Us, is not fair War: 'I is civil, but uncivil. It has lasted too many Sun-sets.

Man should not lose so many days of Peace, to satisfy the Anger of one minute. I could repent it heartily. I sent

the Knave to attend my *Antonio* too, yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter Millers son,

Mill. son. No. I must not.

Julio. Ha! he's come.

Mill.

Mill. son. I must not; 'twill break his heart to hear it.

Julio. How! he will not tell me for breaking of a heart: 'tis half split already, I must obscure and hear.

Mill. son. I have spy'd him: Now to knock down Don with a Lie, a silly harmless Lie; 'twill be valiant done, and nobly perhaps.

Julio. I cannot hear him now.

Mill. son. Oh the bloody days that we live in! the envious, malicious, deadly days that we draw breath in.

Julio. Now I hear too lowd.

Mill. son. The Children that ever shall be born, rue it; for men that are slain now, might have liv'd to have got Children, that might have curs'd their father.

Julio. Oh my posterity is ruin'd!

Mill. son. Oh sweet Antonio!

Julio. Oh dear Antonio!

Mill. son. Yet it was nobly done on both parts, whether he and *Lisauro* met.

Julio. Oh, Death has parted 'em.

Mill. son. Welcome my mortal Poe (says one) welcome my deadly Enemy (says the other): off go the doublets, they in their shirts, and their swords, itarknaked; here lies Antonio, here lies *Lisauro*: He comes upon him with an Embrocado, that he puts by with *puncta reversa*: *Lisauro* recoils me two paces and six inches back, takes his Career, and then, oh!

Julio. Oh!

Mill. son. Runs Antonio quite thorow.

Julio. Oh Villain!

Mill. son. Quite thorow, between the arm and the body; so he had no hurt at that bout.

Julio. Goodness be prais'd.

Mill. son. But then at th'next Encounter, he fetches me up *Lisauro*: *Lisauro* makes out a Long at his

which he thinking to be a Passada, *Antonio's* foot slipping: Down, oh, down.

Julio. Oh now thou art lost.

Mill. son. Oh but the quality of the thing: both Gentlemen, both Spanish Christians, yet one man to shed---

Julio. Say his Enemies blood.

Mill. son. His hair may come by divers Casualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe: but a man to lose nine ounces and two drams of blood at one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another, and to live till he die in cold blood: Yet the Chirurgeon (that cur'd him) said, if *Pia-mater* had not been perished, he had given a live man to this day.

Julio. There he concludes he is gone.

Mill. son. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the point.

Julio I, the point, that's deadly: the ancient blow over the Buckler ne'r went half so deep.

Mill. son. Yet Pity bids me keep in my Charity: For me to pull an old Mans cars from his head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! Furthermore, there is the charge of Burial; every one will cry blacks, blacks, that had but the least finger in his blood, though ten degrees removed when 'twas done. Moreover, the Chirurgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-plums, and Sweet-breads; yet it may be the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Julio. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth what hath befall'n my dear *Antonio*? what thou keep'st back from truth, thou shalt speak in pain: do not look to find a Limb in his right place, a Bone unbroke, nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that Mountain, as a Worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatch'd.

Mill. son. Alas Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a man of Gods making to this hour; 'tis not two since
Julio.
 left him so.

Julio. When didst thou leave him?

Mill. son. In the same clothes he had on when he went from you.

Julio. Does he live?

Mill. son. I saw him drink.

Julio. Is he wounded?

Mill. son. He may have a cut in the Leg by this time. For *Don Martin* and he were at whole flashes.

Julio. Met he not with *Lisauro*?

Mill. son. I do not know her.

Julio. Her? *Lisauro* is a man as he is.

Mill. son. I saw ne'r a man like him.

Julio. Didst thou not discourse a fight betwixt *Antonio* and *Lisauro*?

Mill. son. I to my self: I hope a man may give himself the Lie, if it please him?

Julio. Didst thou Lie then?

Mill. son. As sure as you live now.

Julio. I live the happier by it: when will he return?

Mill. son. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten days, at farthest.

Julio. Ten days? he was not wont to be absent two

Mill. son. Nor I think he will not.

He said he would be at home to morrow; but I love to speak within my compass.

Julio. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now. With in there: take this fellow into custody: *Enter servant* keep him safe, I charge you.

Mill. son. Safe! Do you here? Take notice what plight you find me in: it there want but a Collop, or a Steak to me; look to't.

Julio. If my Nephew return not in his health to morrow, thou go'st to the Rack.

Mill. son. Let me go to th' Manger first; I had rather eat Oats than Hay.

Exeunt.

En

*Enter Philip, Orante, Miller, Julio,
Millers son, severally.*

Mill. son. So-hob, Miller, Miller,
look out, Miller : Is there ne'r a Miller amongst you
Gentlemen?

Miller. Yes, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen, a
gentleman-Miller.

Son. I should not be far off then ; there went but a
pair of Shears and a Bodkin between us. Will you to
work, Miller ? Here's a Maid has a Sack full of News for
us : Shall your Stones walk ? Will you grind, Miller ?
Phil. This your son, *Francio* ?

Mill. My ungracious, my disobedient, my unnatural,
my Rebel-son, (my Lord.)

Son. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Mill. This Villain (of my own flesh and blood) was
necessary to the stealing of my Daughter.

Son. Oh Mountain !

Wilt thou call a Mole-hill a Scab upon the face of the
earth ? though a man be a Thief, shall a Miller call him
a ? Oh egregious !

Julio. Remember, firrah, who you speak before.

Son. I speak before a Miller, a Thief in grain ; for he
steals Corn. He that steals a Wench, is a true Man,
not he that steals him.

Phil. Can you prove that ?

Son. I'll prove it strongly.

He that steals Corn, steals the Bread of the Common-
wealth ; he that steals a Wench, steals but the flesh.

Phil. And how is their Bread-stealing more criminal
than the flesh ?

Son. He that steals bread, steals that which is lawful
every day : he that steals flesh, steals nothing from the
fasting

fasting day : *Ergo*, to steal the Bread is the arrant Thief.

Phil. This is to some purpose.

Son. Again, he that steals flesh, steals for his own Belly full : He that steals Bread, robs the Guts of others : *Ergo*, the arranter Thief the Bread-stealer. Again, he that steals flesh, steals once and gives over ; you and often pays for it ; the other steals every day without satisfaction. To conclude, Bread-stealing is the most Capital Crime : For what he steals, he puts it in at the head ; he that steals flesh (as the Dutch Author says) puts in at the foot (the lower Member.) Will you give as you are now, *Miller* ?

Enter Gillian the Millers Wife.

Mill. wife. I can no longer own
What is not mine with a free Conscience.
My Liege, your pardon.

Phil. For what ? Who knows this woman ?

Miller. I, best (my Lord.)

I have been acquainted with her these forty Summers and as many Winters, were it Spring agen ; she's ill the Gout, I---

Phil. Oh, your Wife.

Mill. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed (my Lord) a painful sick to my side ; would it were pickt out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your silence.

Son. Will you be older and older every day than other ? The longer you live, the older still ? Must Majesty command your Silence, ere you'll hold your tongue ?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault. Pray Sir, will you be silent.

Son. I have told him this before now (my Liege) but Age will have his course, and his weaknesses.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Son. And his frailties, and his follies (as I may say) cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden.

Phil. Why Sirrah, ha?

Son. But I believe your Majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess, will hang 'em both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Destinie upon you, if you cease not the sooner.

Son. Nay, I have done; yet it grieves me that I should find that man Father, that should be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his tongue---

Phil. To th' Porters Lodg with him.

Son. I thank your Grace, I have a friend there.

Julio. It hardly will get passage, it is a sorrow of that nature's grown, 'less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Mill. Wife. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery, and sing you forth a joy: You lost a daughter.

Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth the sorrows.

Mill. Wife. She's found again; Know you this Man, Sir?

Julio. Hah!

Mill. Wife. This did enwrap your Child, now the Porters Wife, &c.

Julio. Oh thou hast ta'n so many years from me, and made me young as was her birth-day to me.

Phil. You knew this before.

Son. Oh, oh; Item for you Miller.

Miller. I did, my Leige, I must confess I did; We are ones love, and would have comfort, Sir, as well as great.

Son. I beseech you (my Liege) let this Woman be a further examin'd; let the words of her Conscience search'd. I would know how she came by me; I am a

lost Child, if I be theirs : Though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind (methought) to be greater man.

Mill. Wife. Thou art mine own flesh and blood born of mine own body.

Son. 'Tis very unlikely that such a body should be me ; there's no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my Father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he were he Knight, Esquire, or Captain ; less he could not be.

Mill. Wife. Thou art mine own Child, Boy.

Son. And was the Miller my Father ?

Mill. Wife. Wouldst thou make thy mother a whore Knave ?

Son. I, if she make me a Bastard. The Rack may make her confess, I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful mind in me sure : methinks I do scorn poor Folks.

Fulio. You both shall be rewarded To the Miller bountifully. We'll be a kin too, Brother and Sister shall be chang'd with us ever. and his Wife

Son. Thank you (Uncle) my Sister is my Cousin at the last cast : farewel Sister-foster. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another manner of Husband than thou hast : But much good do thee ; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiss the Bride and so.

Fulio. Why how now, Sirrah ?

Mill. Son. 'Tis lawfid now, she's none of my Sister

It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a Scabbard and a Sword,
He put it up in the Country word,
The Miller and his Daughter.

She has a face, and she can sing,
She has a grace, and she can spring;
She has a place, with another thing,
Tradoodle.

I would I were acquainted with your Taylor (noble B. other.)

Orante. You may, there he is.

Taylor. If you have any work for me, I can fit you. Sir, I fitted the Lady.

Son. My sister (Taylor)? VVhat fits her, will hardly fit me: you have a true Yard (Taylor)?

Taylor. Ne'r a whit too long, I warrant you.

Son. Then (Taylor) march with me away;

I scorn these Robes, I must be gay,

My Noble Brother he shall pay

Tom Taylor.

Exeunt.

O 3

The



The D o c t o r s of Dull-head Colledge.

A R G U M E N T.

A Love-sick Gentleman, by the over-curious care of his kindred, is perplexed with unnecessary Physicians, who are by some of his merry Visitors and Companions baffled, and be released from their vexation.

Enter Doctors with an Urinal.

1 Ph. **A** Pleurisie, I see it.

2 Ph. **A** I rather hold for tremor cordis.

3 Ph. Do you mark the *Fæces*?

2 Ph. 'Tis a most pestilent contagious Feaver, a Surfet, a plaguy Surfet: he must bleed.

1 Ph. By no means.

3 Ph. I say, bleed.

1 Ph. I say 'tis dangerous, the person being spent so much beforehand, and nature drawn so low: Clysters, cool Clysters.

2 Ph. Now, with your favour, I should think a Vomit; for take away the Cause, the Effect must follow: the stomack's foul and sur'd, the por's inflam'd yet.

Enter servant.

Serv. Will it please you draw near? the sick Gentleman grows worse and worse still.

1 Ph. We will attend him.

2 Ph.

2 *Ph.* He shall do well, my friend.

Serv. My Masters love, Sir.

3 *Ph.* There's no doubt in him, none at all, never fear him.
Exeunt.

Enter Frank sick, Physicians, an Apothecary.

1 *Ph.* Clap on the Cataplasm.

Fr. Good Gentlemen, good learned Gentlemen.

2 *Ph.* And see those broths there ready within this hour: pray keep your arms in; the air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fr. Pray leave me, I beseech you leave me, Gentlemen, I have no other sickness but your presence; convey your Cataplasms to those that need 'em, your Vomits and your Clysters.

3 *Ph.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.

1 *Ph.* Bring in the Lettice Cap; you must be shav'd, Sir, and then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

Fr. Till Dooms-day: What unnecessary nothings are these about a wounded mind?

2 *Ph.* How do ye?

Fr. VVhat questions they propound too! How do you, Sir? I am glad to see you well.

3 *Ph.* A great distemper, it grows hotter still.

1 *Ph.* Open your mouth, I pray, Sir.

Fr. Can you tell me how old I am then? there's my hand, pray shew me how many broken shins within this two year. VVho would be thus in fetters? Good Master Doctor, and you dear Doctor, and the third sweet Doctor, and as pretious Master Apothecary, I do pray you to give me leave to live a little longer: ye stand before me like my blacks.

Enter his Comrades.

Thomas. How dost thou *Frank*? bear up, boy; what, shrink i'th' finews for a little sickness?

Fr. Thou art a mad Companion, never flaid, *Tom*?

Thom. Let Rogues be flaid, that have no habitation, a Gentleman may wander: sit thee down, *Frank*, and see what I have brought thee: Come, discover, open the Scene, and let the work appear: a friend at need, you Rogue, is worth a Million.

Fr. VVhat hast thou there, a Julip?

Hylas. He must not touch it, 'tis present death.

Tom. Ye are an Ass, a Twir-pipe, a Jeffery-John-bo-peep: thou minister? thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle; out Puppy. My friend *Frank*, but a very foolish fellow: dost thou see that bottle? view it well.

Fr. I do, *Tom*.

Thom. There be as many lives in't as a Cat carries, 'tis everlasting liquor.

Fr. VVhat?

Thom. Old Sack, boy, old reverend Sack.

Fr. I see no harm, *Tom*, drink with moderation.

Tom. Drink't with Sugar, which I have ready here; and here's a glass, boy, fill it: hang up your Julips, and your Portugal-poffers, your Barley-broths, and Sorrel sops; they are mangy, and breed the Scratches onely: give me Sack: have at thee.

Fr. Do; I'll pledge thee.

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry, Heigh! like a Huntsman, with a clear heart, and no more fits I'll warrant thee; the onely Cordial, *Frank*.

1 *Ph.* Are the things ready?

Serv. Long since, Sir.

1 *Ph.* Bring out the oyls then,

Fr.

Fr. Now or never, Gentlemen, do me a kindness, and deliver me.

Thom. From whom, boy?

Fr. From those things that talk there, Physicians, *Tom*, Physicians, Scouring-sticks; they mean to read upon me.

Thom. And be thou confident we will deliver thee: for look ye, Doctors, say the Devil were sick now, his horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin, sick of a Calenture, taken by a surfet of stinking souls, at his Nephews and *S. Dunstons*, what would you minister upon the sudden? your Judgement, short and sound.

1 Ph. A fools head.

Thom. No Sir, it must be a Physicians, for three causes; the first, because it is a bald-head likely, which will down easily without apple-pap.

3 Ph. A main cause.

Thom. So it is, and well considered. The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir, which so tumbles in his stomach, Doctor, and works upon the Crudities, conceive me, the fears and the fiddle-strings within it, that those damned souls must disembody again.

Hylas. Or meeting with the Strygian humour.

Thom. Right, Sir.

Hylas. Forc'd with a Cataplasm of Crackers.

Thom. Ever.

Hylas. Scowre all before him like a Scavenger.

Thom. *Satisficisti Domine.* My last cause, my last is, and not least, most learned Doctors, because in most Physicians heads (I mean those that are most excellent, and old withall, and angry, though a Patient say his prayers, and Paracelsians that do trade with poisons, we have it by tradition of great *VVriters*) there is a kinde of Toadstone bred, whose vertue the Doctor, being dry'd.

1 *Ph.* VVe are abus'd, Sirs.

Hyl. I take it so, or shall be : for say, the Belly-ach caused by an inundation of Pease-porridge, are we therefore to open the Port-vein, or the Port-Esquinine ?

Sam. A learned question : or grant the Diaphragma by a rupture, the Sign being then in the head of *Capricorn* —

Thom. Meet with the passion *Hypercondriaca*, and so cause a Carnositie in the Kidneys, must not the brains being butter'd with this humour ? answer me that.

Sam. Most excellently argued.

2 *Ph.* The next fit you will have, my most fine Scholar, Bedlam shall finde a salve for. Fare you well, Sir : we came to do you good, but these young Doctors, it seems, have boai'd our Noses.

3 *Ph.* Drink hard, Gentlemen, and get unwholsome Drabs ; 'tisten to one then we shall hear farther from ye, your Nore alter'd. *Exit Phys.*

Sing.

Thom. And wilt thou be gone, says one.

Hyl. And wilt thou be gone, says tother.

Thom. Then take, take the odd Crown,
To mend thy old Gown,

Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fr. My learned *Tom*, gramercy.

Exeunt.

The End.

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